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THE BENICIA BOY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. J. DEGRAU.

File in, good musclemen, and show
The power of those big fists. We know
You strike a devil of a blow.
John Heenan!

That British lion double up,
And prove him but a small-sized pup,
Then high to thee we'll fill the cup,
John Heenan!

Around the name new honors fling,
By castigating England's King,
And loud the crowd thy praise will sing,
John Heenan!

And when a stinging blow is dealt,
Remember how they kept your belt;
Remember how the Yankees felt,
John Heenan!

And when the coming fight is o'er,
And victory perches at your door,
We'll greet you to your native shore,
John Heenan.

Right glad we'll be to see you back,
And merry bottles we will crack
With you, old high trump of the pack!
John Heenan!

\$250 Clipper Prize Story.

THE SECRET CONCLAVE;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE IN THE FIVE POINTS.

A STORY OF NEW YORK CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY J. A. UNDERWOOD.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

An hour afterwards they were seated calmly on the sofa together.

"Robert," said she, and he noticed now for the first time that she had a slight foreign accent, "I cannot tell you how much obliged to you I am for obeying my request—it was not only the desire to see you that made me summons you here; but as I stated in my note, it was also a regard for your welfare that actuated me."

"My dear girl," said Averill, "I am ready to listen to anything that you have to say."

Averill was now perfectly calm and collected, and the only feeling he now experienced was wonder.

"Call me Heloise," she replied, "for that is my name. I have sent for you, she continued, "to warn you that a great danger threatens you; in fact, a danger so great that your life is in peril!"

"Indeed!" returned Robert, with a smile, "I am not aware that I have an enemy in the world. What is the nature of the peril to which you refer, Heloise?"

"I am not permitted to tell you," replied the strange girl; "all that I can do is to show you a way to avoid it."

Robert smiled incredulously.

"I would most strongly advise you," continued the speaker, "to carry out what I am about to recommend; it is the only possible means of safety left you."

"What is your advice, dear Heloise?" said Robert, in a sarcastic tone.

"I am very much grieved, Robert, to perceive from your tone of voice that you do not believe my words. After what has passed between us you have a right to despise me, but I entreat you nevertheless to keep my advice."

She paused, at the same time fixing her large black eyes beaming with love on her visitor. Averill, now the madness of his delirium was passed, grew more cool and suspicious. This girl was a perfect stranger to him, and the whole affair had evidently been all planned before-hand. He returned her gaze unflinchingly, and made a motion for her to continue.

"When you return home to-night, you must immediately pack up your things and flee from New York. A steamer leaves for Europe early in the morning. For God's sake take passage in it!" Robert laughed aloud.

"What!" said he, "do you think I am a madman? Do you think I could so soon part with you, Heloise? Can you imagine for a moment that I will break up my household gods and fly from my native country. My dear Heloise, I am not the weak man you suppose me to be. As for any danger threatening me, excuse me, my dear, if I say that you are mistaken. As I before said, I have not an enemy that I am aware of in the world."

"Ah! Robert, you little know what is in store for you if you remain. I beseech you, in the name of all that you hold most dear, to fly."

The strange girl clasped her small white hands together, and appeared really to feel what she was saying, for her eyes filled with tears.

"Heloise," said Robert, somewhat softened, "I never saw you before to-night. I now only know you to be a lovely woman—but I will suppose that you are sincere in what you say. Even with this charitable construction, I can only think you are laboring under some strange hallucination. No danger can possibly threaten me."

"Alas! alas! he says no heed to my words—he does not believe me," cried the strange girl, pressing her hands to her white bosom, and allowing her head to fall forward, by which attitude her abundant hair almost concealed her face.

"Explain yourself more clearly, Heloise; what is the nature of the danger that threatens me?"

"As I said before, I cannot, dare not tell you. I can only reiterate my warning to you. I pray you—I beg of you—on my knees I entreat you to follow my advice."

And she threw herself on her knees before Averill, again clasping her hands together in the attitude of supplication. This action again revealed to him the treasure of her matchless bosom, but it now had no effect on him, for he considered that it was only a part of the comedy she was playing.

"Heloise," said he, rising up indignantly, "it is time that this farce should cease. If you have nothing further to say to me, I bid you a very good night."

The girl rose to her feet, while her eyes flashed indignation at the contempt with which Averill had treated her.

"You will not take my advice, then?" said she in a tone of voice in which all the former gentleness had disappeared.

"Am I a fool or an idiot to listen to the ravings of a mad girl?" returned Robert, with scorn.

"Then your blood be upon your own head!"

With these words the strange girl clasped her hands, and the door of the apartment immediately opened, and Averill saw the same domestic that had guided him to the mysterious chamber. Without uttering a word, he followed the servant down stairs again, and found the carriage still waiting for him. He entered it—the coachman took his seat on the box, and they drove off. In a short time they reached the city again, and to tell the truth, when they came to a part well known to Averill, he breathed more freely.

The carriage stopped, and the driver, descending from his box, opened the door of the vehicle, and made a sign for Averill to alight. Robert obeyed, and found himself in Waverly Place. The moment his foot touched the pavement, the carriage drove off, and was immediately lost to sight by a turn in the street.

At first, Robert had an idea to follow it; but on second thoughts, he knew that he could not overtake it. He stood gazing, minute or two in the direction the vehicle had taken, more for the purpose of collecting his ideas than from the hope of discovering anything further. He then turned in the direction of his own home. At that moment a neighboring clock struck two. He had not gone many steps before he was stopped by a watchman, who came from an opposite direction.

GENERAL AVERILL—HIS STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS—OMENS—DOCTOR BRANDON—THE PRICE OF RED HOT COAL—MR. MAYNARD—THE READING OF THE WILL—A LISTENER—THE GENERAL ALONE—THE DEATH TICK.

On the evening that the adventure related in the last chapter happened to Robert Averill, his uncle, General Averill, sat alone in his library in his house in Waverly Place. He was a hale, hearty-looking man, about sixty or sixty-five years of age. His face was florid, his hair gray and scanty, and his eyes were but slightly dimmed by age. He was tall and powerfully made, and to look at him it might be supposed that he would yet last many years. The predominating expression of his features was firmness and obstinacy. This Averill bore of his character had no doubt been fostered by military education. Accustomed to command while on service, he bore with him the same disposition, now that he had retired into private life.

General Averill had served his country with honor in the war of 1812. He was a gentleman by birth and association, possessed of large landed estates, and had a most profound contempt for what he was pleased to call the canon. It may easily be supposed that with these sentiments, and the fact of his being a strict disciplinarian, he was not a great favorite with the men under his command. On the declaration of peace he retired into private life, when he spent a portion of his time in town and the remainder in Europe. The only relatives he had left in the world, were two nephews, the sons of a deceased younger brother. Robert and Luke Averill were no great favorites of his. It is true he tolerated the former, but the latter he very much detested. The reader, from a hint given in a previous chapter, has learned that Luke Averill had a reputation for being religious—that is, he was a member of a church, spoke of his piety, and was generally considered to be a holy man. The General hated this description of character, so different from the good old Averill stock, and did not hesitate to call him very frequently to his face, a psalm-singing Methodist. His nephew Robert did not offend him in this manner, but he found fault with him because he would not enter public life, and it was doubtless owing to this reason, that the old soldier had refused to sell to him a small farm which adjoined a large tract of Robert's property. The latter had introduced the subject frequently to his uncle, but the General had always refused to listen to his wishes; and as the reader already knows, their last interview had been quite a stormy one.

General Averill sat alone in his library, apparently plunged in deep reflection. His chair was placed exactly opposite the fire, and with his legs crossed, with his elbow resting on the arm of his chair, and his head on his hand, he was gazing intently on the glowing coals. The General's library was a cozy apartment, replete with all the luxuries that wealth can bestow. The walls were covered with book-shelves, which were well-stored with handsomely bound volumes. The old soldier, like all the Averills, was a great reader; preferring, however, philosophical and scientific works, where there was a strange peculiarity about him which he had not yet referred to, and yet which we ought to mention: he was superstitious—believing in omens and in all those hundred and one forms which this species of insanity believes in. This peculiar trait was the more whole, because his mind was strong and vigorous, and his whole course of life and reading was most violently opposed to any such feeling. His whole reason, of course, told him that it was the most puerile folly to allow such influences to affect his mind—but in spite of his reason, in spite of his scientific acquirements, in spite of his philosophy, the salt was not spilled, a mirror was not broken, a little piece of coal did not fly out of the fire without the stern old General feeling a shudder run through his frame. The old man continued to gaze earnestly at the fire as if he were consulting his destiny therein. While he was so engaged a measured tick reached his ear. It was some spider, in all probability, weaving its web in some obscure corner of the apartment; but it was sufficient to make the General start in his chair, and a tremor ran through his frame.

He rose up from his chair, and paced uneasily up and down the room. He was reflecting on his friendless condition. With immense wealth at his command, he had not one real friend in the world. He thought how pleasant it would have been to have had a wife and children to comfort him in his old age. He was interrupted in his reverie by the entrance of a domestic, who came to ask him if James would have tea.

"What o'clock is it, James?" asked the General.

"Six o'clock, sir."

"You may bring me a cup of tea here. I expect some friends to-night; as I have some business to transact with them you may show them up to the library at once."

"Do you mean, sir, that I am to show any one up to the library that may call?"

"No, I refer only to my lawyer, Mr. Maynard, and Doctor Brandon. Should any one else call, you may show him in the drawing-room, and let me know."

"Very good, sir," replied the servant, leaving the room. In a few moments the servant re-entered, bearing in the tea-tray, and the old man hastily swallowed a cup or two of that beverage, which cheers but not inebriates. While thus engaged, the library door opened and Doctor Brandon entered the room.

The doctor was a short, puffy little man of fifty, full of small talk and hard words belonging to his profession. If he were to be believed, he was the most successful physician in the world, having cured more desperate cases than any living man. At first sight it seemed a wonder that the little man employed him, and as he never took any medicine, he might as well employ him as any one else.

"How are we to-night?" said the doctor, approaching the old soldier with an outstretched hand.

"Bad, Doctor, bad," returned the old man, accepting the proffered hand.

"Ah! General, I see how it is—you are suffering from hypochondria. I once had a patient who was a terrible victim to that malady—given up by all the faculty, sir—but he heard of my skill, and came all the way from North Carolina to see me. I immediately put him on—"

"Anything new and stirring, Doctor?" said the old soldier, interrupting him, for he did not stand on the least ceremony with the physician, and did not hesitate to cut short any story that he thought would be tedious.

"Nothing particular, General. This morning I was called in to see a very interesting case of compound fracture of the femur. I shall operate to-morrow, sir, for the limb must come off. It will be a great addition to my museum. Do you know, General, I have invented a new method of operating, combining the flap and the circular! I have never tried it yet, and am glad an opportunity has occurred for me to do so. The greatest authorities in surgery have laid it down as an axiom—"

"Doctor," again interrupted the old soldier, "do you believe it possible for any one to receive a warning of his approaching death?"

"No, General, I do not—all such superstitions generally proceed from a disordered stomach. Soda and gentian is the best cure for them. I remember one case I had, in which—"

At that moment a piece of red-hot coal flew from the grate, and fell at the old soldier's feet. With a shudder the general took it up with his tongue, and held it out to the physician.

"What does this resemble, Doctor?" said he.

The little man put on his spectacles, and bent curiously over it.

"Why, as I live, it is just like a coffin!"

"Exactly," said the General—"another warning to me. Oh! I know it. My reason for sending for you this evening, is for you to witness my will, which I am about to execute."

The doctor was about to make some reply, but was prevented from doing so by the lawyer, who at that moment entered the room. Mr. Maynard was a shrewd, sensible man, doing a first rate practice. He had been before informed by his client as to the provisions to be made in the will, and he had already drawn



PHIL CLARE,
The Well-known Boxer.



"DEERFOOT,"
The Celebrated Indian Pedestrian.

it out. After the usual compliments of the day had been passed, he sat down for the purpose of reading it. He had just commenced, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the servant.

"If you please, sir," said the domestic, "Mr. Luke Averill is down stairs, and wishes to see you."

"Did I not tell you to show any one that called into the drawing-room?" Show the psalm-singing Methodist there, and tell him I will see him by-and-by."

The servant left the room, and almost directly afterwards there was heard the sound of a door opening and shutting next to the library. From this it appeared that the drawing room adjoined the apartment in which the General and his friends had met.

The lawyer resumed the reading of the will. By its provisions, the whole of the General's personal and real estate was left to his nephew, Robert Averill, or in the event of his decease, to his niece, Kate Averill. No mention whatever was made of nephew Luke.

"Excuse me, General," said the doctor, when the reading was over, "but have you not forgotten one of your relatives?"

"You mean my nephew, Luke? What do you suppose I would leave one cent of my money to a man who disgraces the name of Averill by his psalm-singing practices? No, sir! I have too much respect for my family to do that. All that I have now to do, Mr. Maynard, is, I believe, to witness this will. Hard it is to me and let me sign it."

The old man took the pen and began to write his name. He had just written his Christian name when the ominous "tick tick tick" reached his ears; for a moment his hand trembled so that he could not finish; but summoning up all his courage, he finished the signing with a steady hand. The doctor and the lawyer witnessed it. They soon after took their leave.

When they had gone, Gen. Averill rang the bell, which was answered by his servant man, James.

"You may show Mr. Luke Averill in, now," said the General; "I feel some curiosity to hear what the saint has to say."

"He has gone, sir."

"Indeed! How long ago?"

"A few minutes only; he said he could wait no longer, but would call again to-morrow."

"Very well—you can go. I shall not want you any more to-night. Close up the house."

James bowed and left the room, and the General was left alone. He seated himself in his capacious arm chair, and again indulged in his old amusement of gazing in the fire. At last things in the room began to grow dim and indistinct—his eyes closed, and he slept. A doleful stillness reigned in the apartment, the fire gradually became extinct, and no noise in the street ceased. The old man slept uneasily, and all at once he started from his seat, and opening his eyes, gazed wildly around him. The ominous "tick tick tick" was the only sound that reached his ears.

"It is a warning," said the General to himself—"all these signs and tokens would not come together at the same time. I am about to die. My heart beats regularly—my health is good—but I know I am about to die!"

Gen. Averill lighted his night lamp and retired to his bed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEED OF BLOOD—WHAT THE MOON SAW—HUGH AND THE MOST NOBLE GRAND—THE RECOVERED AND HIS VICTIM—THE POLICE—THE EFFECTS—ANOTHER VICTIM FOR THE "SECRET CONCLAVE"—THE OLD HOUSE IN MOIST STREET.

General Averill quickly undressed himself, and was soon in a deep sleep. The night-lamp shed a dim light through the apartment, and deep silence reigned through the house. The night wore on, when suddenly the profound quiet was broken by a terrible cry.

"Help! help! help!"

Three times was the word repeated—twice loudly, and the third time in a smothered tone. The old man raised himself with an effort in the bed, and then fell back, the life-blood running from a wound in his throat, bedabbling the white sheets and carpeting.

There was a twitching of the limbs, a beating of the air with outstretched hands, a stifled groan, and then all was over.

The murderer had attacked him from behind, advancing with the stealthy step of a panther when he is seeking his prey. He had seized him by his scanty grey locks, and exerting all his power, he had thrown him back, and bent back his head so that he might inflict the murderous blow to ensure his speedy death; and he succeeded, for with the exception of the cry we have recorded above, and the dying groan, not a sound escaped the victim's lips. The man who had committed this fearful deed gazed for a moment or two on his work, while a bitter smile moved his lips. He then walked cautiously across the chamber to the window, and drew back the heavy brocade curtains. The rays of the moon penetrated into the room, and shed its pale white light on the couch where the murdered man lay.

Even by the moonlight, it was plainly to be seen that the inmate of the apartment was a wealthy man. The furniture was of the most costly and massive description. The carpet was so thick and soft, that no sound of foot-falls could be heard when persons walked across the floor. The walls were covered with handsome pictures, which were brought into relief by the dark embossed paper. The bed was beautifully carved, and a small case, filled with choice books, showed that the deceased had been fond of reading.

The moon's rays fell on the murdered man's face, and the murderer turned his gaze on it without moving a muscle. The deceased appeared to be between sixty and seventy years of age. He had evidently been a hale, hearty man, for his form was strong and robust. His features were aristocratic and handsome, but there was an expression of stern determination easily to be traced on them even in death.

The murderer fastened back the curtain, so that he could make use of the light it afforded him to transact certain business he had to do. He then wiped his bloody knife on the engravings of a letter which he took out of his pocket, carefully reading the direction before he did so; this piece of paper he threw into the grate. He then poured some water into the basin and washed his hands, and carefully examined his clothes to see that no spot of blood remained on them. When he had done this, he walked on tip-toe across the chamber, and opening a writing-desk which was placed on a side table, began to rifle its contents. He eagerly scanned every piece of paper, and abstracting several, some of which were quite bulky, he put them into his pocket; the remainder he threw on the ground.

There were many valuables lying about the room; on the table by the bed side was a handsome gold hunting watch, but the murderer never attempted to appropriate anything to himself excepting the papers. The securing of these, indeed, seemed to be the sole end and aim of the fearful deed he had committed, for, casting one more look at the murdered man, he left the room.

He cautiously descended the wide stair-case; although the hall was so dark that he could not see his hand before him, he walked straight to the hall door, and let himself out without making the slightest sound. It was evident that he was perfectly familiar with the premises. When he stood on the pavement, the city clocks struck two, and Waverly Place seemed to be perfectly deserted. Almost immediately afterwards, however, he heard the sound of approaching footsteps from opposite directions. He immediately sought refuge in an alley, and saw two men meet, and heard the sound of voices—they then separated and left the place. The murderer emerged from his hiding-place, and walked in the shade of the buildings until he reached Broadway.

At this early hour in the morning the streets were entirely deserted, with the exception of a few belated pedestrians—some retreating from a house, others from a house, and some poor, homeless wretches who had no home to go to. Some were rendering night hideous with their drunken songs.

The man of blood walked boldly down Broadway. When he reached Walker street, he was met by a man, who gazed earnestly at him, and then placed his finger in a peculiar manner on his mouth. The murderer replied by the same gesture.

"PRIVATE VENGEANCE AND UNLIMITED PLEASURE!" whispered the man, in the assassin's ear.

"FOREVER AND FOREVER!" was the strange reply he received.

"I thought I knew you, most noble Grand," said the man, addressing him who had so recently quitted General Averill's house. "I have just come from the cottage—there is a young lady waiting to see you there."

"Who is it, Holbert?"

"What, the doctor's daughter? True, I had forgotten that I have an appointment with her to-night. At what hour did she come?"

"Twelve o'clock—I told her to wait for you, that you would soon return."

"You did right—how did she seem?"

"She looked very pretty, but nervous. Most Noble Grand, I envy you."

"Pshaw! But Hugh, I can rely on your secrecy."

"Of course, Mayhew, you may depend on that. If nothing else would bind me, my oath would. Besides, do I not know that in all probability this young girl will be hereafter initiated in the Secret Conclave—you have added to so many beautiful women to our society for me ever to dream of betraying you."

"I know I can trust you," replied Mayhew. "By the bye, have you been to the Lodge to-night?"

"Yes, I went there before I went to the cottage."

"Anything special going on there?"

"Nothing; there was the usual meeting—that was all."

"Well, good night, Hugh. I must go and keep my appointment with the fair Emily Brandon."

"Good night, Mayhew—luck attend you!"

The two men separated, Hugh turning down Walker street, and Mayhew turning round again, and advancing towards Union Square. He walked very rapidly until he reached the Third Avenue. He proceeded along that thoroughfare until he reached the neighborhood of Twenty-fifth street—at that time but very scantily built up. He stopped before a pretty little cottage which stood back from the road. A pretty garden was in front of it, and the cottage itself was embowered in trees.

He advanced to the door, and letting himself in with a latch-key, entered the hall, and then opening a door on the right, he strode into a handsomely furnished parlor, and gazed around him.

On a magnificently carved sofa lay a lovely girl asleep. She was about eighteen years of age—her features were of Grecian regularity; her hair was dark auburn, and her beautiful blue eyes were veiled by long eye-lashes. Her form was a model of symmetry and grace, and the exquisite abrasion of the position in which she lay seemed set off to the best advantage the voluptuous fullness of her figure. Around her neck she wore a light scarf, which but poorly concealed her swelling bosom. Her lovely limbs rested on the sofa, and her tiny feet and a portion of a voluptuously formed leg could be seen. Her bosom rose and fell under her regular breathing, and her humid, ruby lips were slightly parted, showing a row of pearly teeth. She looked the very incarnation of love.

Mayhew gazed a few minutes on the beautiful being before him, and it could easily be seen that he was much affected. His face flushed, and his hands trembled. He silently approached the sofa, and kneeling down before her, he kissed her on her parting lips. She awoke with a start, and opening her lovely eyes, she gazed for a moment bewildered on his upturned face, and then recognizing who it was, she threw her snowy arms round his neck, and pressed his head to her palpitating bosom.

"O! Horace," said she, "you have come at last. How long I have waited for you!"

"My own darling girl, I have been unavoidably detained," replied Mayhew, kissing her ardently. "But how good of you to come here!"

"I have acted very imprudently in doing so, but who could resist you, dear Horace? I know you love me, and you know how I worship you."

"Yes, my angel, I believe you love me. O! that the day may soon arrive when I can call you my own dear wife."

"That day will soon come, will it not, dear Horace?"

"Yes, darling; in two weeks I hope to lead you to the altar. Heavens! Emily, how beautiful you are to-night!"

And he imprinted a thousand kisses on her eyes, forehead, and lips. Emily's whole body trembled, her face was flushed, and her bosom heaved.

"How warm it is here!" said the lovely girl.

"Remove your scarf, my love," said Mayhew.

She did so, and her companion uttered a cry of admiration, for her lovely white shoulders and a portion of her exquisitely formed bust were revealed to his ardent gaze.

"O, Emily," said he, smoothing down her glossy hair, "you are superhumanly lovely," and his fingers touched her snowy neck, and growing bolder, he even dared to invade the sanctity of her palpitating snowy bosom, which was partially revealed to his gaze. She gently removed his hand.

"O, Horace!" said she, "respect your future wife."

"Forgive me my own darling," he replied, kissing her tenderly—"It is because I love you so much that I wish you to be all my own. But, darling, let me offer you a glass of wine—you have been here so long that you must feel faint."

"I will take a glass of wine if you have it convenient, Horace," said Emily.

Mayhew rose from his knees, and walked towards a buffet; when his back was turned on his victim, a smile of devilish triumph moved his lips. He took from the buffet a decanter and glass. And pouring out what appeared to be Madeira, he handed it to Emily. Without any suspicion, she drank it down.

Mayhew now seated himself by her side on the sofa, and began caressing her and smoothing her lovely hair. In a few minutes a great change appeared to have taken place in Emily. Her eyes became suffused, a delicious languor took possession of her whole body, and her bosom rose and fell in regular cadence.

"The poison works!" said Mayhew to himself in a triumphant whisper. He grew more enterprising, and again his hand wandered, but now its temerity was unchecked. Their kisses were confounded together. One by one her glorious charms were revealed to him. She lost all power to check his advances, and she finally succumbed to him almost before she knew she was in danger.

"Horace—you will marry me in two weeks," exclaimed the lovely girl, when she had recovered from her delirium.

"I swear it, dear Emily. In two weeks you shall be mine."

"I believe you, Horace—but was not that four o'clock that struck? I must return home, darling, so that I can get in before any one is up in the morning."

"I will accompany you to the corner of Grand street."

In a few minutes they both left the house, she leaning lovingly on his arm. He left her on the corner of Grand street, promising to see her again in a short time.

She entered her father's dwelling without having been observed, while Mayhew directed his steps toward Centre street. He crossed this thoroughfare in the neighborhood of the Tomb, and plunged into that mass of intricate streets, known by the name of the Five Points.

Mott street is a long thoroughfare, situated between Broadway and the Bowery. The houses that it contains are of the meanest description. There was, however, at the time we write of, one exception to the general class of dwellings in the street, and this consisted of a large old-fashioned rambling house situated between Canal and Bayard, which by its size would seem to indicate that at some distant period in the past it had been inhabited by persons well to do in the world. Now, however, it was almost a ruin, and its broken windows and dilapidated appearance caused the ordinary passer-by to suppose that it was uninhabited. There was one exception to the tumble-down condition of this dwelling, and that was the front door, which was strongly barred, and studded with large nails, giving it more the resemblance to the entrance of a prison than that of a private house.

We have said above, that this residence was generally supposed to be uninhabited, but persons living on the street knew that such was not the case, for it was reported by certain curious neighbors that certain nights strange noises and lights were seen and heard to proceed from the old mansion, but save the vague assertion that the place was haunted, no explanation of them was given. There was also an entrance to the rear of this house by means of an alley which proceeded from Mulberry street.

Mayhew directed his steps towards this building, and entering the alley he stood at last before the back entrance. He gazed around a moment, and saw that he was perfectly alone. He then knocked on the door with his knuckles in a peculiar manner.

"Who knocks?" exclaimed a voice from within.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLUE BIRD'S EYE, Fort Wayne, Ind.—We have heretofore given you pretty free scope for your remarks on milling matters, but we find that you are taking advantage of the latitude allowed, and now seek to condemn everything that savors of the "Yankee," at the same time that you bolster up everything British. That will not do for us, and your communication is rejected. Such letters as the one before us are calculated to create bad feelings between the two countries. It is surprising to us that you remain in a country, and with a people you seem to be so dissatisfied with. You must fare better here than you fared at home, or you would not tarry in the "barbarous country." Our pugilists can very favorably compare with those of London in any and every point of view, and they shall not be traduced by unknown scribblers, so far as it lies in our power to prevent it.

MISSOURI, St. Louis.—"Four men play a game of Euchre. One orders up the opposite party, and goes alone; the party ordered up, says he, also, will play alone against the party so ordering him up; so the two play a four-handed game alone, by mutual consent. The question now is, does the Euchre party make four points, or only two?".... If the party ordering it up, makes three tricks, he is entitled to one point; if he secures all the tricks, he scores four points. If the party who is ordered up secures three tricks, he entitles his adversary, and scores two points; if he makes all five of the tricks, he cannot score more than the two points for the euchre.

A READER, Perth, County of Lanark, Canada.—"Was there on the 6th of the present month of April, a champion of England? If so, was Mac or King the man?".... There was no regularly acknowledged champion of England at the date specified. King became champion when he beat Mac; Mac offered to fight the then champion, but King refused, and resigned the office. Mac, being the first challenger, must be fought by any other man who aspires to the honor of being champion. The bell belongs to no one at present.

CITY POINT, South Boston.—In 1856, during the reign of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, Yankee Sullivan came under their displeasure, and he was arrested and thrown into prison. Supposing that he was to be executed, as others had been, Sullivan opened a vein in one of his arms, and bled to death. It was rumored at the time, that Sullivan did not really commit suicide, but that he was foully dealt with in his cell by some of the Vigilance Committee.

NEW, St. John, N. B.—"Is Tom King the present champion of England?".... No. When King defeated Mac, he became champion, but on Mac challenging him to another meeting, King resigned the office, and refused to accept Mac's *def.* The belt belongs to no one just now, and cannot come into the possession of any one, regularly, until it has been fought for. The match between Heenan and King is not for the championship of England; neither is it for the championship of the world.

LEXINGTON.—"The quotations are Latin, and are synonymous. The exact rendering of 'sequitur non paratus' is 'never not ready,' and of 'semper paratus,' 'always ready.' The two negatives in the former are equal to an affirmative, and give the quotation the identical sense of the latter. Windust, the provider provider, corner of Ann street and Park Row, holds them as signs. 'Lapsus linguae' means 'slip of the tongue.'"

RED HOOK, South Brooklyn.—"The best time ever made on the North or Hudson river by a steamboat, so far as we know or can find out, is, in one hour, 24 miles, by the South America. The *Albatross* said to have gone from New York to Albany, a distance of 100 miles, in six hours, twenty-one minutes. Better time in an hour has been claimed often, but never properly authenticated, that we are aware of."

F. D. D., Indianapolis.—"It would be impossible to say who are the 'smallest stars' of the American or English stages—some of them are little enough, in all conscience. It would be also impossible to give you the names of 2. A man of your dimensions is tall enough for any line of business—even melo-dramatic villains."

J. A. W., Rochester.—"1. Salaries range from six dollars up to fifty, according to the popularity or abilities of performers. 2. F. A. Brady, No. 24 Ann street, publishes a number of such plays, songs, etc. 3. We know nothing about those jewelry parties. If you want good jewelry, buy it of some responsible dealer."

M. O'SHEA, Binghamton.—"As you may have seen by our last week's issue, Gardner & Hennings show starts from Philadelphia about the 27th inst. 2. Lent's great concern makes its first stand in New Jersey this week. Full particulars appeared in last week's CLIPPER."

BRIZZARD, Philadelphia.—"Parson Brownlow published a paper in Knoxville, Tenn., when the rebellion broke out, and for his advocacy of the Union cause, he was arrested, his paper stopped, and finally he was liberated on condition of his leaving that part of the State."

CAPITOL HILL, Washington, D. C.—"Suppose A, B, C and D are playing a four hand game of Euchre; A and C are partners; vs. B and D. A deals, B passes, C orders his partner to take up the trump. Can either A, or C, play a lone hand?".... C can play a lone hand, if he chooses so to do.

E. B. M., New Bedford, Mass.—"In playing at draughts, if the piece or pieces of the party whose turn it is to play, are blocked up so that he cannot move, he loses the game, just the same as if all his pieces were captured."

J. H., Baltimore.—"1. We do not wish to make any new arrangements at present. 2. The sum you say you enclosed, was not in the letter when it reached us; you must have forgotten to put it in. Your advertisement appears, however."

NOW AND THEN, Pittsburgh.—"The main points of your letter appeared in our issue of yesterday, and your paper's yours was forwarded. Your letter is dated April 14th, and it came to hand on the 17th. It must have been blown off the track."

I. B.—"We do not know where Cooper's Work on Cooking is to be had at present. We have had several applications for it of late. Hoyle's Games contains a very good, though brief treatise on Cooking."

CONSTANT READER, Hopkinton, Mass.—"1. The price paid is said to have been in the neighborhood of \$18,000. 2. We believe he has never trotted singly, in public; his private time thus far belongs to his owner."

T. W., Wing Station.—"We have not heard anything of the club, and cannot say whether there is such an organization now in existence here."

C. E. J., New Bedford, Mass.—"There are two or three places in operation, though on the quiet. We cannot say whether you could find sale here or not."

T. A. D., Spruce street, N. Y.—"The cards indicated by you, in cribbage, count 16 for fifteens, 24 for sequences, and 6 for pairs. Total 46."

J. S. W., Fan Claire, Wis.—"Any of the book agents who advertise in our paper will send it to you. There is but one version. The price, we believe, is 25 cents."

H. J. D., Hartford.—"Years would not occupy six Nos. of our paper, and therefore is among those that do not come within the stipulations."

J. H., Aurora, Ind.—"The money for subscription was duly received, credited, and paper duly forwarded, which, no doubt, you have received.".... We are glad to hear of it.

F. C., 97th Regt., O. V., Munfreesboro.—"We have no Championship CLIPPER, all having been sold. Have sent four copies of regular issue."

SPORT, Pittsburgh.—"We have not seen enough of McCoolle to form an opinion. He is a big, hardy-looking man, but, in his display here, did not show much science."

J. H., Woodcock, R. L.—"You must state your enquiry in more explicit terms before we can answer it. You do not say which cocked last."

TWO NEWSMEN.—"Have been unable to get the correct date, but will give you the points, accurately, in our next. It is our impression that it was in 1844."

J. S.—"Will endeavor to obtain their present stopping places, and apprise you."

G. P. C., Burlington, Vt.—"The agents are Willmar & Rogers, corner of Nassau and Liberty streets."

E. S. P., Providence.—"We gave a list of employees on the opening of the season."

A. P. H. & Co., Newport.—"They manufacture them. The business is not at all in our line."

F. Q., Cleveland.—"King is not champion of England. See answer to Ned."

SARO, New Orleans.—"We gave a report of the Lazarus and Daly fight, in our last, a copy of which has been sent you."

JOHN COOK, Baltimore.—"Coburn is the same man who fought Ned Price."

H. D., Boston.—"We cannot re-publish the sketch, and have not a copy of that No. for sale."

TRAVELER, Albany.—"Heenan's first regular prize fight was with John Morrissey."

SUBSCRIBER, Paterson.—"We don't know the gentleman. Who is the Mr. Hunt you refer to?"

W. P., Sacramento.—"Such a match has really been made, as you will doubtless have seen ere this reaches you."

ORFÈRE BOY.—"Take any position that you can get, and work your way up. Apply to all of them."

E. J. M., Toledo.—"We had some items from another source, before your's reached us."

R. McC., Rome, N. Y.—"The battle at Farulorough, Eng., between Heenan and Sayers, took place on April 17, 1860."

MRS. JACK BATH.—"A California letter addressed to you, may be sent by sending it to the CLIPPER office."

B. H. C., Albany.—"Her name was Mary Devlin; she was not a sister of Clarke."

W. J., Nashville, Tenn.—"He is only obliged to show his hand to the party who called him."

ALBERMAN JACKSON.—"We have a California letter for you."

J. POWELL, St. Louis.—"Coburn's height is just 5 feet 9 inches in his stocking feet."

O. H. AND T. W.—"See answer to J. Powell."

L. S., Baltimore.—"The lady is the wife of Mr. Mead."

DAN KERRIGAN.—"We have a Canada letter for you."

FRED COFFERS.—"We have a package for you."

THE GREAT MATCH.

HEENAN AND KING.

TOM SAYERS TO JOIN HEENAN'S PARTY.

SET-TO BETWEEN HEENAN AND SAYERS.

The third deposit in this important match was to have been made at Harry Brunton's house, in London, on the 9th inst., the amount being £50 a side, which would make £2000 thus far made good. Both men were on a provincial tour, Heenan being with Howes' Circus, and King with Ginnel's.

We understand that Tom Sayers has been engaged for the season with Howes' Circus, the same concern which Heenan is with. Tom had advertised all his old stock for sale, and would at once commence operations with Howes' concern. This is but a fulfillment of the programme which we alluded to when Heenan last departed for Europe. It is quite likely that Heenan and Sayers will draw immensely for the concern they travel with, and when the tenting season is over, it is probable that Sayers will assist Heenan in his training, and be in his corner on the day of the fight. After that important event, the two may make a tour of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the Boy will then bring the gallant Sayers with him to this country, where a cordial welcome awaits him. It is our opinion that this will be the programme. Already Sayers had appeared in Howes' circus arena, in a set-to with Heenan, although it was unlooked for at the time. An account of the affair is given in another column. The CLIPPER is more than ever sought for now by the public, to learn the latest movements of Heenan and King, and to ascertain how the great sensation match is progressing. The news touching this match which we publish in the CLIPPER this week, will no doubt appear in other weekly and Sunday papers next week. Our gay little craft is always there or thereabouts.

GYMNASTICS.—A reception and hop, the last of the season, is announced for Wednesday evening, April 22, at Brady's Gymnasium, St. Mark's Place. It promises to be the best performance ever given in a gymnasium, as may be seen by a perusal of the annexed programme:—Vaulting horse; Dumb bells, Hutchinson, Catlin, Stewart, Doughty, and others; Parallel bars, Conner, Walker, Moore, Hutchinson, Platt, etc.; Indian clubs, Platt and Brady; single ring, Conner, O'Neill, and Brady; double rings, O'Neill, Jaffray, Walker, Stewart, Brady, etc.; inclined pole, J. H. Brady, Moore, and others; posturing and tumbling, Buck, Walker, Conner, Stewart, etc.; ladders, McNulty, Brady, Stewart, Doughty, and others; the schellie perilleuse, H. W. Penny; spool ropes, Walker and Lefferts; la perche equivoque, Masters Edward and Frederick Hanlon; fencing—broadsword, Mons. C. Adolphe and Prof. Corbier; do. foil, Mons. Gommery and Prof. Corbier; do. single stick, Messrs. Aubry and Corbier; lifting, (1,700 lbs.) J. M. Foote; single bar, O'Neill, Conner, Walker, Moore, Stewart, and others; giant swing on single bar, H. and H. P. O'Neill; peg pole, J. H. and A. S. Brady; aerial flights; double trapeze, Ashton and Penny; batoute lape, Walker, Buck, Stewart, and others; zampillare, Conner, or triple trapeze, H. and H. P. O'Neill. The hop will follow the gymnastic exercises. Brady's establishment is one of the best conducted places of the kind in the country.

GOOD FOR THE BOYS!—The sparring exhibition given in this city on the 16th, for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland, was a brilliant success in every way, and the Irish Relief Fund will be considerably augmented by the result of that affair. We congratulate the parties interested in their success, and trust they may ever be ready to lend a helping hand to the distressed, abroad as well as at home. The beneficence of the benefit cannot be too highly commended, nor can we speak in sufficient terms of praise of Messrs. Morrissey and Hastings, under whose auspices the tournament was given. From the outset, all hands set to work to ensure a successful issue, and those who "set-to" on the occasion will be remembered for the assistance they gave, as well as for the hard knocks they received. The finale, which was finally given by Hastings and McCoolle, was finely contested, and elicited the loudest applause from those gathered together, to gather a fund for charitable purposes. A full report of the proceedings will be found in another column.

WRESTLING.—In another column we give the details of a wrestling match which took place on the 13th, between Harry Hill, of this city, and Lieut. Ainsworth, of Connecticut. The Lieutenant, who is represented as one of the best wrestlers in the country, couldn't get over our Hill, so he "went under," being overcome by Hill in "twenty seconds, and with apparent ease. Harry appeared as delighted as a monarch on his throne after he had thrown the Lieutenant, notwithstanding some of the losers intimated that the military man had "thrown off," which was not credited by those who "got on" the winning side. Before commencing, Ainsworth's stock was up, but, like the Lieutenant, it soon came down.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRITIES.—The introduction of portraits of actors, actresses, etc., in last week's CLIPPER, and continued in the present number, appears to be a taking feature, adding a still greater variety to the usually well-assorted cargo of good things with which the CLIPPER is weekly laden. Fresh portraits will be published until further notice, some weeks the likenesses of actors being given; at another time, portraits of circus performers, minstrels, dancers, singers, etc., etc., the selections being made without the knowledge of the parties, who will know nothing of it until they see themselves in print.

SEE!—In this issue of the CLIPPER will be found reports of Coburn's exhibition, Hill and Ainsworth's wrestling match, the mammoth exhibition for the relief of the poor of Ireland, training of Coburn, and other matters, all of an official character, and reported in the same correct, spicy, and reliable manner for which our little sheet is so noted.

GOOD DEEDS BY GREAT PEOPLE.—Stewart, the great merchant; Gerrit Smith, the great abolitionist; Archbishop Hughes, the great churchman; Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, the great Irish comedians; and John Morrissey, the great pugilist, have all either given of their treasure, or aided, by their efforts, the suffering poor of Ireland.

OUR NEW STORY.—commenced in last week's CLIPPER, and continued in this, seems to be well relished by our patrons, to judge from the increased demand for our paper. The interest is kept up throughout, some of the incidents being thrilling in the extreme.

GOZ HURST.—We regret to learn that our friend Tommy Burns, of Nantux Hall, Staten Island, was thrown out of a buggy a few days ago, and had one of his ankles severely sprained thereby. Tommy has been obliged to keep close house ever since. We hope to see him about again in a short time.

THE SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION of the State of New York hold their annual convention at Buffalo, during the first week in June. The Buffalonians are making extensive preparations, we are informed, to welcome their friends from abroad, as well as for a good time in fishing, trap shooting, etc.

EXTERNS THANKS.—Mr. Theodore Russell, a loyal man from New Orleans, who some time since reached this city with his mother, in destitute circumstances, requests us to return his sincere thanks to Tony Pastor for the assistance he so liberally and cheerfully rendered him.

FRESH SHAD.—We received a sample of some splendid shad caught last week by Mr. John Simekoff, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island. To say they were delicious, makes our mouth water at the "present writing."

SLEIGHING YET.—Late advices from thence state that there is still good sleighing at Hyde Park, Vermont.

POSTSCRIPT.—We stop the press to announce that a Mr. W. G. Sheppard, of Diamond Springs, California, has just sent a gold piece to pay for a year's subscription to the CLIPPER. We have not yet got over the fright.

GREAT SPARRING EXHIBITION.

IN AID OF THE SUFFERING POOR OF IRELAND.

IMMENSE SUCCESS.

Hoyn's Theatre, in the Bowery, never witnessed such an overwhelming and enthusiastic assemblage, since it was first erected, as were gathered within its walls on the evening of Thursday last, the 16th inst. The occasion was the grand pugilistic tournament in aid of the funds for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland, and well and nobly did the public respond to the call made upon them for assistance. To Messrs. William Hastings and John Morrissey is the honor due for originating and carrying to a successful issue this noble work of charity, and their praiseworthy exertions will doubtless be the means of carrying comfort and relief to numbers of the suffering and starving population of a misgoverned and unhappy land. The sparring of the city, professional as well as amateur, attended *en masse*, to lend a helping hand in the noble cause, and the result was one of the best, if not the very best exhibition ever witnessed in the Empire City. Brilliant as were the sparring exhibitions which we witnessed, at the same theatre on the previous nights, the exhibition of the evening was far more interesting, and the high order of sparring exhibited may be estimated among the names of those who practically illustrated the "manly art" were Morrissey, Hastings, Coburn, Crow, McCoolle, Monaghan, the Aarons, Foley, Hunter, Ottignon, Geoghan, Donnelly, Winkle, Izzy Lazarus, Elliott, and many others, "good men and true."

Long before the hour announced for the commencement of the evening's entertainment, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, every available sitting and standing place in the theatre was occupied. The reporters of the press were furnished with accommodations on the stage, and nearly every daily and weekly paper in the city had its accredited representative. Old Father Time's usual office of Master of Ceremonies was filled this night by Mr. Sam Davis, who generally officiates in this capacity on important occasions, while Old Bill attended to the more subordinate duty of looking after the toilets of the sparrers, and matching them equally. The audience was a highly respectable one, comprising a class of citizens who are rarely, if ever, seen at such exhibitions, but who attended this night to lend the assistance of their purse and persons to the cause. As might be expected, order and decorum prevailed throughout. Hyor, Coburn, Ottignon or Hastings, passed along to the stage, a murmur of applause would run through the house. The managers had also, with great judgment, engaged a band of music, whose performances agreeably filled up the intervals between the sets-to. Those interludes, however, were very brief, as the various matched sparrers met their appointed opponents at the stroke of clockwork, so admirably were the arrangements carried out.

The first couple who were introduced on the stage by the M. C. to open the ball were

1. **YOUNG HANLEY AND COCK ROBIN.**—The latter individual, with the somewhat singular *soubriquet*, was an excellent match for Hanley, both in skill and in courage. The contest was a capital set-to, both giving evidence of some acquaintance with the art. They gave great satisfaction to the audience, and were applauded on retiring for the next comers.

2. **JOHNNY AARON AND BARNEY AARON.**—Two of the cleverest light-weight sparrers that we have. Both are so well known, and have appeared so long and frequently before the public, that they need no introduction to the audience. They made a splendid set-to, the hitting being quick and straight, and the stopping clean and elegant. They had four rounds, and then gave way to

3. **MILLAGE CORNELL AND HUGH MCLEIN.**—Who made, as they usually do, a good show. Mac is a sturdy built young fellow, with a hard hand and head, and he showed his fighting activity to evade the straight ones from the shoulder aimed at his devoted head. Mac, however, got home two or three; yet, in the main, he was receiver-general. They were followed by

4. **JOHNNY MONAGHAN AND HEN WINKLE.**—Every one who has been in the habit of attending sparring exhibitions in New York for the last six or eight years, has seen Johnny Monaghan set-to, and he is a capital match for Winkle. The latter is a superior. He stops elegantly, and hits quick and heavy. Winkle, who is training Coburn, is also a fine-scient man, and together they gave a fine practical illustration of the beauties of the "manly art of self-defence." They met with deserved applause.

5. **ALF WALKER AND TOM O'CONNOR** followed. The former is no English pugilist who resided in this city two or three years ago, but a young New Yorker who aspires to first honors. They are of the light weight class, active on their pins, and pegged away at each other merrily. Walker had decidedly the best of it, as Tom seemed to lose his temper, and with it, his coolness and judgment.

6. Some bustle and excitement on the stage gave notice to the sparring of the show, and something in the wind, and the appearance of Joe Coburn and Capt. Mike Norton. The signal for great applause. Throwing off the coat which he had over his shoulders, Coburn appeared stripped of his under shirt, so that all might see and judge of his condition, and from the universal expressions of opinion that we heard, it was highly satisfactory. His position is elegant and graceful, and he is equally adapted to offensive or defensive tactics, and as he stood facing his opponent, with his left playing in front, ready to be shot in whenever an opening was presented, his right close to his breast, and affording an apparently impenetrable guard, he seemed the ideal of a boxer. The sparring between the two was very fast. Norton stopping and combining with his right hand, and Coburn with his left. The latter, however, showed his marked superiority throughout the set-to, his greater activity giving him a decided advantage over his stouter opponent. Both men were highly applauded at the close.

7. **BILLY DORSEY AND JERRY CONKLIN.**—This was a lively affair, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Billy is a smart, active little sparrer, and the way he got on to Jerry was a caution. There were few if any of our light weights that show to more advantage than Donnelly with the gloves, or without them, either, for that matter, as his recent turn-up with Morris Leonard satisfied his friends.

8. **MICK TAYLOR AND JOHNNY MACARTY** next showed. The latter is a Cincinnati youth, and much heavier than the "youth with the auburn hair." He showed, however, that he could hit hard and quick, and stop well. Mike is one of our most graceful and effective sparrers, and only does the mits now on rare occasions; the present enterprise in the cause of charity, however, drew him from his retirement. Their set-to gave unbounded satisfaction.

9. **IZZY LAZARUS AND HARRY HILL.**—The Falstaffian host of the Centre Street Hotel was received with a round of applause as his rotund proportions appeared on the stage with the mits on his hands. His *vis a vis* was Harry Hill, the champion wrestler. The wilhom opinion of the renowned Owen Swift, the friend of Heenan, showed that his hands had not forgotten their cunning, for Hill found it impossible to break through his guard; and apparently afraid to come within reach of one of Izzy's gentle left-handers, he kept dancing around the stage to avoid coming to close quarters. Izzy, therefore was obliged, with light and graceful movements, to follow him around, and when he did get a chance to give him "one for his nob," you may bet he did not throw it away. The two caused great amusement for their set-to.

10. **JEM ELLIOTT AND ALEC ROBERTSON.**—The former, who is in training to fight Dunn of Brooklyn, appeared stripped to the skin, *ala* Coburn. He is a powerfully built young fellow, and when his frame becomes thoroughly knit and matured, (for he is not yet nineteen,) he will prove a most formidable customer to any one that tackles him. Robertson is an old practitioner, and like a horse kicking. The hitting and counterhitting on both sides were good; there was no light fancy play about it, but downright hard knocks. They retired to make way for

11. **MICK DORSEY AND CHARLEY WALKER.**—The former carried too many guns for Walker; indeed we don't know where to name one that can beat Dorsey. He has two good hands and makes use of them both in admirable style.

12. **OWNEY GEOGHAN AND SCAMMEL.**—The former was so much the better sparrer that the set-to was an uninteresting one. Like the set-to between the same parties on the previous Monday night at Coburn's exhibition, it was more of a wrestling match than a sparring exhibition.

13. **JIM KERRIGAN AND MIKE HENLY.**—There was nothing in this to cause any particular remark. They had three rounds, with about equal advantage, and then retired.

14. **JOHN MORRISSEY AND CHARLES OTTIGNON.**—The announcement of these names was the signal for tremendous cheering, and it was some time before it subsided. Both are big men, although Ottignon's proposition was like Izzy Lazarus', of the Falstaffian order. As a sparrer and teacher of the art, however, he has no superior, and Morrissey found it difficult to get on past his strong guard. Some good counters were exchanged, and the stopping on both sides a treat to behold. The set-to was one of the most interesting of the evening, and elicited deserved applause.

15. **CON FOLEY AND JEM HUNTER.**—Two of our oldest and most accomplished sparrers, who seldom put on the gloves now, and are both big, powerful men, and active withal; they gave a splendid practical illustration of the art of how to "hit, stop, and get away," and met with deserved applause.

16. **WILLIAM HASTINGS AND MIKE MCCOOLLE.**—The announcement of these two names "drew down the house." The former is one of our most respected and well-to-do citizens, having retired from the arena years ago; he, however, to assist the good work of charity, which, indeed, he originated, consented to put on the gloves on this occasion. His opponent, Mike McCoolle, is matched to fight Coburn, and of course this fact caused him to be regarded with great interest. He is a strong, powerfully built man, whose constitution seems to denote great powers of endurance. As a sparrer, however, if we may judge from this night's display, he has yet much to learn; it might, however, be policy that governed him in his display of science on this occasion. From the set-to with Mr. Hastings, neither Coburn nor his friends could gather much, as it was light and easy on both sides, presenting no display of pugilistic science or skill. Mr.

Hastings, it is well known, is a perfect master of the art of self-defence, and evidently, on this occasion, adapted himself to the level of his opponent, without any attempt to manifest his superiority. McCoolle, as a sparrer, is undoubtedly much inferior to Coburn; it remains to be seen, if as a boxer, he is not his superior. Some of the best pugilists have been the worst sparrers, and vice versa. On their retirement, the Master of Ceremonies returned thanks to the audience for their support, and the immense assemblage quietly dispersed.

We understand that a large amount was realized by the exhibition, which will be handed over for distribution to James T. Brady, Esq., the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

JOE COBURN'S SPARRING EXHIBITION.

In accordance with the customary practice among pugilists, when matched to fight, Joe Coburn, on Monday evening, the 13th inst., took a boxed seat at Mozart Hall, in Broadway. Even if custom had not sanctioned this practice, the heavy expenses to which the principals in a match are necessarily subject, would amply justify them in thus appealing to the support and patronage of their friends. Few are aware of the almost innumerable sources of expense attendant on a course of training; indeed, it may truly be said that a pugilist, in training, "never has his hand out of his pocket." In taking a benefit, therefore, the principal accomplishes two objects: he "puts money in his purse," and he affords an opportunity to his backers and friends to judge of his condition and the progress he has made in his preparation and knowledge of boxing.

It is somewhat to be regretted that so limited public notice had been given of the exhibition, for we have heard numerous regrets expressed that so favorable an opportunity of seeing Coburn should have been neglected. As it was, the attendance was both large and respectable, and proved the high estimation in which Coburn is held by those whose good opinion is worth having. The sparrers of the city, amateur as well as professional, mustered in great force, to render their assistance on the occasion, and the result was evident in the general satisfaction felt and expressed by the spectators at the various sets-to.

Old Father Time was, as usual, the M. C. on the occasion, and the first couple he introduced to the audience to inaugurate the sport, were

TOM CONNERS AND JIM HANLEY. Both belonging to the light weight division, and equally matched. Tom is too much on the rushing system, and Hanley kept jobbing him with effect, as he boxed in. Indeed we never saw the latter show to more advantage.

BILLY DONNELLY AND DICK HOLLIMWOOD were the next couple. This was a really fine set-to, and well worth the price of admission to witness. Both are well known as very clever sparrers, smart and active on their pins, and game as pebbles. They made one of the best bouts of the evening, and, receiving great applause on their retirement, giving way to

MILLAGE CORNELL AND JERRY CONKLIN.—The Dorsey of the ring appears to have a preference for setting-to with Jerry, and they certainly are well matched in every respect. They spar together with a will; no light, gentle tapping, but real hard hitting. Jerry frequently got on the body, but Millage was always there or thereabouts, seeming to prefer distorting Jerry's head to any other spot. They made a rattling set-to, and were heartily cheered when they retired.

MICK SMITH AND CHARLEY PERKINS.—The latter hails from Rochester, and at one time accompanied the Benicia Boy, Aaron Jones, and Ned Price in their sparring tour through the country. Like his present opponent, he belongs to the heavy weight division, and their hitting was in proportion to their size. Charley has got a knack of ducking to avoid a blow, but Mike seemed to be a little game, and administered a few admonitions in the shape of upper-cuts, which steadied Charley a little. They made a very pretty set-to, and received their due share of applause, when they gave way to

OWNEY GEOGHAN AND SCAMMEL.—The style of the former is very similar to Morrissey's, and they do say that in game and ability to take punishment as well as to give it, they are well matched. This set-to might be called a wrestling match, as there was little sparring before they rushed in and clinched, each trying to throw the other. Scammel was thrown nearly every round, but he came as game as a lion at the call of time to renew the struggle. They pleased the audience vastly, who seemed to enjoy the change from sparring to wrestling which this couple afforded.

JIM HANLEY AND MIKE CORNEN.—The latter is a brother of Joe's, and seems to take naturally to the gloves. They made a capital set-to, give and take being the order of the day. Hanley had not in Mike so easy a thing as he had in the first round, as he found his equal in science and knowledge of the art.

Now followed the great event of the evening, and which had been anticipated by all, such as it was, the set-to between the benefactor and Captain Mike Norton. The appearance of Coburn was the signal of universal cheering and applause, which plainly evidenced his great popularity among the sporting fraternity. His condition was keenly scrutinized by the *connoisseurs*, and pronounced highly satisfactory. During the six weeks he has been in training, under the able mentorship of the experienced Hen Winkle, he has got rid of some 40 lbs. of superfluous flesh, and this caused him to look comparatively thin and reduced to those who have not seen him since he commenced his training preparation. But his bright, sparkling eye, clear complexion, and vigorous, elastic step, afforded unmistakable evidence of the most vigorous and lusty health. The play of the muscles of his shoulders and arms was clearly perceptible under his tight-fitting flannel shirt, while his volume and elasticity will be materially increased during the remainder of his preparation. He stood in his usual elegant and artistic position, as he faced his opponent, his right close to the body, the left well extended, and ready alike for the offensive and defensive. He was a capital match for the experienced Hen Winkle, a sparrer and very heavy hitter, and in size, is well matched with Joe. The set-to throughout was a most excellent one, the hitting and counter-hitting quick, straight, and effective, and the stopping, more especially by Coburn, admirably neat and clean

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the *CLIPPER* would be sold at six cents per copy, for a limited time, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would remain the same. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:

Single copy of the <i>Clipper</i>	Subscription for 6 months \$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers.....	Subscription for 12 months 2 50
To Retail Agents.....	Club of Four..... 10 00
Subscription, per annum \$3 00	Club of Eight..... 20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

SPORTING PLACES IN VALPARAISO.

The *CLIPPER* is not forgotten, no matter where our friends may fetch up, as may be seen by the following letter, dated U. S. FLAG SHIP LANCASTER, BAY OF VALPARAISO, CHILI, S. A., March 11, 1863.

FRANK GREEN—Dear Sir: As a few lines from this part of the world are not too interesting to many of the numerous readers of your journal, I shall attempt to give a short account of sporting matters, amusements, etc., as they exist at present in the city of Valparaiso. Immediately after our arrival, general liberty was given to the crew, and a certain number, in their turn receiving a sufficient amount of money, and the best wishes of their ship-mates, departed for a cruise on *terra firma*. As soon as jolly Jack Tar or fighting Johnny Marine arrives here, he seems to think that the "higher" he gets, the better; and therefore shapes his course for the Forre, Main, and Mizen tops, which are three large and spacious ball-rooms, or dance houses, each situated upon a hill, short distance apart, and looking down on each other with all the envy and malice that jealousy and opposition can inspire. Here you meet the beautiful Senorita, who greets you with a "Bueno Americano," and at the same time some creole maiden will prove her affection towards the Yankee sailor by exclaiming, "Americano mucho Bueno, English mucho malo." Certainly, a person thus addressed by such convincing proof of their affection and liking, must have felt for a moment that he was "a pretty boy with a glass eye." On passing along the streets and alleys, glaring English signs meet your gaze, such as the "Two Jolly Tars," "Paddy's Goose," "Scouse Kettle," "Clipper Shades," "Sportsman's Hall," etc. The latter house is a fine establishment, with a spacious bar-room, an elegant bowling alley, a first-class sparring room, and rat-pit, with several sets of gloves, dumb-bells, single sticks, etc., always on hand. The proprietor, Ned Rogers, is a jovial fellow, but is considered rather too sharp to retain the confidence or good will of his patrons; his knowledge of the many art is below par, and although he sports a moustache, still he "can't keep a hotel." I have often thought, both on this and my former visit to Valparaiso, that if one of the many first-class light weights in the city of New York who are doing nothing, would come here and start a crib, he would meet with decided success. The world-renowned Haulon Brothers have recently closed the most successful and profitable engagement ever played on this continent, and are now preparing to depart for Santiago. I am requested to state in behalf of the crew, as our mails have been detained and we have not received any information from the United States for two months, that if you have a knapsack or a duff-bag full of old letters, you will please forward them to me, and I will guarantee a ready sale, no matter how they are written, or what the subject may be; each one will fetch a ten cent postage stamp. The crew present their compliments, through the columns of your journal, to the honorable gentleman who introduced the bill for the abolition of the *spirit* ration in the navy. I remain with respect, etc., M. A. BREWIN.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWO.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY COL. T. ALISTON BROWN.

MASTER JOSEPH BURKE. Born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1818; made his first appearance on the London boards, June 4, 1825, when only seven years of age, at the Haymarket Theatre, as Dr. O'Toole, in "The Irish Tutor." In 1830, he crossed the Atlantic, and appeared in New York, making his first appearance at the American stage, November 24, at the Park Theatre, as Young Norval, in "Douglas," and Dr. O'Toole. After the tragedy, he led the orchestra in the overture to "Guy Rannering," and with such correctness and taste as drew down an enthusiastic *encore*. His exhibition of the humor of the Irish Tutor was also excellent, and kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. His finished manner astonished and delighted all. His figure was slight and interesting, with a face full of expression, beauty, and fire.

He was known as the "Irish Boscovic," and traveled throughout the United States as a "star," made his first appearance in Philadelphia, December 14th, 1830, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Young Norval.

On one of his visits to Albany, there was a general row, which occurred December 12, 1836. We give an account of it—"The house was tolerably well filled. In the first scene of 'Romeo,' Master Burke was kindly received. In the second, there were a few hisses, and by the time the first act was over, all was confusion and uproar. Master Burke then appeared in front of the stage, evidently addressing the audience, but he was driven off by hisses and howling." Mr. Blake, the manager, then appeared, and order was restored. He said—"It is evident that Master Burke has incurred the displeasure of a portion of the audience. He is utterly unconscious of having done wrong. May I inquire what is his offense?"

"He must disavow the sentiments of his father," said a person in the boxes.

"His father abused Daniel O'Connell," said another.

This increased the tumult, and Mr. Burke, who was seated in the front box, rose and attempted to defend himself, but he was impossible. We heard him, however, say, "I am charged against O'Connell, and denounce those who are his enemies, as cowards and scoundrels."

This added fuel to the flame. Mr. Burke—"clear out old Burke!"—he is a dog and a traitor—"clear out old Burke!"—he is a dog and a traitor—"clear out old Burke!"—he is a dog and a traitor.

Mr. Burke was finally induced to leave the stage. The play proceeded for some time in dumb show, when a curtain fell, and Mr. Blake came forward and addressed the audience substantially as follows:

"It would be absurd to pretend ignorance of the cause of this disorder. Mr. Burke, the father of this boy, while in England, wrote a paper which is offensive to a portion of the audience. Mr. Burke himself is innocent of that and every other offense. Will you then visit the alleged misconduct of the father upon the son? Will you then visit the alleged misconduct of the father upon the son?"

"No, no," said a portion of the audience.

At this point, the friends of Master Burke lost all patience at what they deemed the injustice of his opponents, and went to work to clear the house. A general fight seemed inevitable. The leading discontents were seized, dragged from the boxes, and out of the theatre. Order was restored, and Master Burke, on his re-appearance, was received with six cheers and a deafening round of applause.

The cause of the affray was this: Mr. O'Connell wrote a letter in which he denounced the Americans in terms that we need not repeat. Dr. Burke—who was then in England, took up the gauntlet for his adopted country, and denounced O'Connell in terms equally abusive.

For this, the friends of O'Connell attempted to drive Master Burke from the stage, and for that the friends of Master Burke drove his opponents from the theatre. He realized a handsome fortune and retired to Batavia, State of New York.

W. BURKE. Brother of Master Burke: made his debut on any stage, January 20, 1832, at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, as Tom Thumb, for the benefit of Master Burke.

GOOD KNOWER FOR BOARDERS!—One of the Corktown boarding house keepers "come it" over a huckster at a market, a short time since. Mike hailed up before the stand at which he usually purchased his bread, and he inquired of him if he was altogether too good to be of any profit to him—his boarders consuming them altogether too fast; and this time (speaking in a very low tone) he wanted some which were a little tough, so that he might serve them a few times, and thereby come a little game over his boarders, without arousing their suspicions.

"Very good," replied Hans, checking over what he thought was a very good thing—"I give you the poorest I've got."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. V. London, C. W.—Regarding the position, black has one man less than white. We like its termination, by the way. Make the men even, and it shall appear. The book has not been published.

W. W. H., Frederick, Md.—Solutions correct. WOLFEHME, Wayne, Mich.—You are correct. Stamps received.

A GLASGOW CHAFFY, Hokenanqua.—The *SUTHER* appears this week. The ending is interesting. That position dedicated to "Jack of the Woods," is under consideration.

GAME NO. 2—Vol. XI.

Lately contested, "off-hand," between our contributor "A Glasgow Ghappy," and a "friend."

THE SUTHER.			
Black.	White.	Black.	White.
A. G. C.	A. G. C.	A. G. C.	A. G. C.
1. 11 to 15	23 to 19	16 to 10	20 to 14
2. 9 to 14	22 to 17	7 to 10	14 to 7
3. 6 to 9	17 to 13	18 to 3	28 to 18
4. 2 to 6	25 to 22	19 to 23	26 to 31
5. 8 to 11	29 to 25	20 to 12	27 to 18
6. 4 to 8	22 to 17	21 to 16	19 to 14
7. 14 to 18	26 to 23	22 to 20	27 to 24
8. 18 to 22	25 to 18	23 to 28	32 to 16
9. 15 to 22	23 to 18	24 to 32	27 to 11
10. 22 to 25	17 to 14	25 to 27	17 to 14
11. 10 to 17	21 to 14	26 to 23	19 to 14
12. 11 to 16	30 to 21	27 to 19	7 to 3
13. 16 to 23	31 to 17(a)	28 to 23	7 to 3
14. 8 to 11	14 to 19	29 to 9	14 to 7
15. 11 to 16	19 to 15		

Notes by A. G. C.

(a) The losing move, which I was perfectly aware of, but wished to try an experiment, as I find but few who can win it. 24 to 19 instead of 21 to 17, draws.

(b) Safe.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 1—Vol. XI.

BY G. W. H.			
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 9 to 6	2 to 9	3 to 20	13 to 19
2. 26 to 23	19 to 26	4 to 10	15 to 10

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 117th POSITION.

BY G. W. H.			
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 28 to 24	12 to 16	3 to 20	25 to 22
2. 24 to 19	16 to 23	4 to 13	9 to 10

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.			
Black—G. M. B.	White—Acceptance.	Black—G. M. B.	White—Acceptance.
10. 15 to 22	26 to 17		
11. 3 to 7	30 to 25		

POSITION No. 2—Vol. XI. THE 118th POSITION OF STURGES. BY W. S. KNIGHT. ("THE BLOCKADE.") Dedicated to Messrs. BULLOCK and MCKNIGHT.

BLACK.		WHITE.	
White to move and win.		White to move and win.	

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 377.

From the "British Chess Review."

By A. G. MCCORMIE, Esq.

BLACK.			
at his 6th.	at K 2d.	at K 7th.	at K 8th.
White to play.			

WHITE.			
at his 5th.	at K 2d.	at K 7th.	at K 8th.
White to move and win the party.			

GAME No. 377.

Played at the Brooklyn Chess Club, between Frederick Perrin, Esq., Third St. and our contributor, John Schlesinger, Vice Pres't of the Paulsen Club, of New York.

EVANS GAMBIT.			
Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
Schlesinger.	P. Perrin.	Schlesinger.	P. Perrin.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	17. K to R sq	P to K 4
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18. K P-P	P Q 4(h)
3. K B-B 4	K B-B 4	19. Q-B 5	K Kt-B 3
4. P-Q Kt 4	B x Kt P	20. K R-Kt sq	P-Q 4(h)
5. P-Q B 3	B-Q 4	21. P-K B 4	B 2d P x Kt
6. Castles	P-Q 3	22. B-Q 4	P R-P 3
7. P-Q 4	K P x P	23. K R-P 4	K B-B 2
8. B P-P	K B-K 3	24. K R-Kt 6	Q 2d P x Kt
9. Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3(a)	25. Q B x Kt	Q her 3
10. Q B-K 5	Q B-K 5	26. Q R-K sq	Q R-K 3
11. K B-K 5	Castles	27. Q R-K 7	Q R-K 3
12. K B x Kt	Q P x B	28. B-K 6	K R-K 4
13. Q her 3	Q B x Kt	29. K R-B 6	P-K 2
14. Kt P x B	P-R K 3	30. K R-K 6	P-B 7(g)
15. B-K R 4	P-K R 4	31. B x R-K	K x Q 3
16. Q B-K 3	Kt-K R 4	32. Q her R 3	and

Mr. Perrin resigned.

Notes, by our contributor.

(a) This is not a good move; but I confess I played the opening of this game badly. I should have played 10. P to K 5th, followed by Q B to R 3d. The correct reply to my last move is Q B to R 3d—and the game proceeds thus:

Q B to R 3d 12. Q B to K 5 P to K 3
10. K R to K 5 Q B to R 3 13. B-K 4 P-K 4
11. P-K 5 K R-K 2 14. Q B-K 3, and the attack seems at an end, although the situation of the Defence is very constrained.

Now I would call attention to the following deviation, which seems to give the Defence an even game: instead of playing 11. Kt to K 5, he plays as follows:

11. K P x B P-K 3 14. Q B to R 3 Castles
12. K R-K 3 B P x P 15. Q B to R 3 R-K 4, and the Defence has given up the game.

(b) A slip, from the effects of which the Defence never recovers.

(c) He is forced to take this P—or lose.

(d) She has no other place to which to take it.

(e) If Q takes B he loses the knight.

(f) 19. K R-K 3, he loses Q by 30. Q to her Kt 3ch.

(g) An ingenious effort, but of no avail.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

DETERMINED BATTLE.

S. TYLER AND J. CONNOR.

On Tuesday, March 31, the match for £10 a side, at calculated weight, was decided between Stephen Tyler and John Connor, who had to fight in the home circuit. The encounter originated from a private quarrel, when Connor challenged Tyler to fight, and the novice, after a slight demur, accepted, and put down some money instantly to bid the match. Stephen Tyler is a perfect novice, and has never been tried even in a rough turn-up. He was born in 1812, in Berkshire, stands 5ft. 8 1/2 in. in height, on the present occasion weighed about 10st. 4lb. and was decidedly in good condition. John Connor is twenty-three years of age, stands 5ft. 5 1/2 in. in height, and weighed on the day about 9st. He has fought several battles, having been the winner in each, but the only one within the ropes was with Tom Callas, whom he met for £10 a side, on July 23, when, after fighting thirty-three rounds in 46 min. 20 sec., the authorities interfered. The second day, Callas did not show, and Connor received the money. Connor and Callas a handsome present. Various arrangements were made for the battle to take place either before or after the original day chosen, but as usual when a multitude of counsellors are meddling, nothing could be done, except to follow the articles to the letter. A very early hour was fixed upon for the trip, and a journey by rail chosen, which mode of transit allowed the ring to be pitched and the men to be preparing for the battle by a quarter to nine. The usual delay occurred in the choice of a referee; but this was at length got over, when a well known pugilist accepted the ungrateful office. Connor was the first in the ring, having a couple of well-known pugilists for his seconds, and a white silk handkerchief, with a blue spot and border, for his colors. Tyler was soon after him, having a couple of good men with him, and his colors were a blue silk handkerchief, with a white bird's eye. The betting was at odds, but Connor was taken for choice, the most money being behind him. At fifteen minutes past nine they stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The ring had been pitched in a beautiful spot. As the men faced each other, there was some disparity in their proportions, as Tyler stood well over his opponent. He is well made in the upper portion of his frame, with good shoulders, arms and loins, but his legs are approaching the K shape of the old Tipton. Connor was a good deal shorter, and stood in a much better position than in his fight with Callas. Both had evidently made up their minds for business, and got close at once. Connor was the first to get on with the left on the nose and on the left eye, when Tyler rushed in and closed, but Connor threw him cleverly.

2. Tyler was flushed as he came up, and soon got to close quarters, where random exchanges passed until Tyler grappled with Connor, throwing and falling upon him.

3. Tyler's left eye had now assumed a darkened appearance, as well as having a bump on the forehead. No time was lost in sparring, for after a couple of exchanges in favor of Tyler, he closed, and fought Connor down at the ropes. Time, 3 min.

4. Connor had a bump on his forehead and 45 runs on his chin; Tyler a bump on the left cheek-bone, and the left eye darkened. They sparred until within distance, when Tyler planted his left on the nose, drawing blood, and, following Connor up, after some weaving at the ropes, he knocked Master John down by a right-hander on the jaw. First blood claimed and allowed for Tyler.

5. Connor was bleeding from the nose as he came up, but, nothing daunted, rattled in, but was met by Tyler landing the left on the jaw, when exchanges passed until they closed, when both were busy; Tyler, the stronger, threw Connor.

6. Tyler, who was the first up, forced the right-hander, which was of a determined character, until Tyler fought him down. Connor was exhibiting marks of pusillanimity, but he was determined. Tyler took the initiative, planting his left on the nose twice in succession, receiving a blow in return. They then closed, when Connor threw Tyler a good cross-batted. Time, 8 1/2 min.

8 to 12. These rounds were in the nature of a lull, as only the stronger man but the weaker. He had the best of the counters, and, as he was not a pugilist, Connor all over the ring, and finished the round by knocking him off his legs by a left-hander on the mouth, which cut his lips severely, and drew a profuse bleed.

13 to 19. Connor came up again, daunted, but very game; but all his valour was never given him a moment's rest, as he was not a pugilist, and the little one could not stand his onslaught, and was obliged to get down to avoid being fought. Several attempts were made and put on one side, but the stronger man, by a "metempsychosis" round, Connor got down so badly, that he was carried by the referee. It was a very close fight, but Tyler was the victor after fighting 36 min.

CAGGY WILSON AND BOXER BRADLEY, £5 A SIDE, AT CATCHWEIGHT.—These men made an impromptu match during the week ending March 28, for the above amount. Bradley weighed 11st, and Wilson 9st. The first place of meeting was tabooed by appearance of a police, but a removal to a few miles was followed by success. They fought ninety-six rounds, with alternate success, when the referee decided in favor of Wilson, in consequence of Bradley having hit him foul, after having been cautioned in the thirtieth round. The fight lasted 2 hours 5 minutes.

THE FUNERAL OF SHOCKER SHIPP, the pugilist, whose death we announced in our last, took place on March 29, and his remains were consigned to the final resting place in the city of London and Tower Hamlets Cemetery. Bow. The funeral cortege started from Mr. Evans's, the George the Fourth, East India-road, Poplar, and consisted of a hearse and four horses, and three carriages and pairs. The chief mourners in the first carriage were his four brothers. In the second carriage was a representative of the London ring, including the quondam opponent, Patsey Beardon, and behind the carriages were above 120 mourners, belonging to the Boiler-makers' Club, from Poplar and Lambeth, wearing scarfs, etc. £10 afterwards collected, at a sovereign each subscription, for a tombstone or monument to be erected to Shipp's memory.

"FOUGHT HIS LAST BATTLE."—With regret we announce the demise of Bill Hayman, at one time an aspirant to Championship honors, who died on Wednesday, March 25, in the Birmingham General Hospital, from the effects of a fall from a trap.

A subscription has been opened by Bob Prettie on behalf of the widow and family, which, it is to be hoped, will be heartily responded to, as he has always been esteemed as a quiet, good, and deserving man.

PEDESTRIANISM.

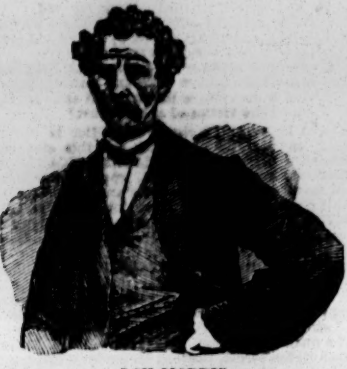
TEN MILES CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.—The pedestrian arena at Hackney Wick was visited by nearly 1,000 persons on Monday, March 30, to witness the race of 10 miles, for £25 a side and the Champion's cup. This cup was won in July last by Lang, beating Barker. Since then he has defeated the celebrated Teddy Mills twice for it, and Barker once more had a try for it, but was again unsuccessful. The Norwich hero then entered the lists, and Monday was the day appointed for the trial. The race was set for five o'clock, and a very few minutes after that time, Brighton came on the scene, attended by J. White, of Gateshead. He was quickly followed by Lang, who had for his attendant Jesse Smith, of the Proud Peacock. The betting at this time was 5 to 4 on Lang, and ere the start it rose to 7 to 4 on him. To complete the distance, the ground had to be traversed sixty-seven times and 180 yards, and the referee having been chosen, the men proceeded to make their preliminary canter. This being got over, they disrobed; Brighton looked the very perfection of condition, while Lang looked fleshy. Notwithstanding this, his partisans were so sanguine that 2 to 1 was offered on him, and no takers. Bill Price officiated as starter, and, as they got the signal, Brighton bounded to the front, and led the way by a couple of yards, at anything but a fast pace. Lang evidently running within himself. No change occurred in their relative positions throughout the first mile, which was run in 4 min 52 sec.; but as they rounded the Pavilion turn, in the thirteenth lap, Lang went to the fore, plainly as a feather, and showed the way until breasting the hill in the next round, when, as they passed the residence of the referee, he again took up the back stretch in the eighteenth lap, when Brighton, as they reached the top, dashed away, bent upon cutting down his opponent, and made a gap of a dozen yards between them. Lang, however, as they were coming down the straight, made up his leeway, and they passed the referee for the nineteenth time close together, and for the next five or six laps, not more than two yards separated them, Brighton still holding the leading position. Now the contest began to assume an interesting aspect, for the backers of Lang, eager to get on, offered 5 to 2, and these tempting odds were in several instances taken; and the backers of Brighton called on him to go on; this he did, making the running at the top of his speed, and his netting Lang, he challenged for the pride of place, and a most exciting struggle ensued for the next two laps, each doing his best to cut his opponent down, and loud cheers arose from all parts of the ground, urging them on to increased exertions; at length, as they reached the top of the hill, in the twenty-seventh lap, Lang gathered the top together, and making a desperate rush, succeeded in wresting the lead from his opponent, by immediately falling two yards in the rear, and the pace slackened considerably during the next three laps, all through which Lang held the premier ship; but now Brighton once more went to the front, seemingly much refreshed after his rest, and again increased the pace for chosen, the men proceeded to make their preliminary canter. 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Now the contest began to assume an interesting aspect, for the backers of Lang, eager to get on, offered 5 to 2, and these tempting odds were in several instances taken; and the backers of Brighton called on him to go on; this he did, making the running at the top of his speed, and his netting Lang, he challenged for the pride of place, and a most exciting struggle ensued for the next two laps, each doing his best to cut his opponent down, and loud cheers arose from all parts of the ground, urging them on to increased exertions; at length, as they reached the top of the hill, in the twenty-seventh lap, Lang gathered the top together, and making a desperate rush, succeeded in wresting the lead from his opponent, by immediately falling two yards in the rear, and the pace slackened considerably during the next three laps, all through which Lang held the premier ship; but now Brighton once more went to the front, seemingly much refreshed after his rest, and again increased the pace for chosen, the men proceeded to make their preliminary canter. 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This

upon application,
1-115* A. GORDON,
95 Duane street, New York.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 11.

NEGRO MINSTRELS.



LOU MORRIS,
OF MORRIS BROS., PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS.

The Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, Boston, must have received a large invoice of "real Havana" as "smoke" is the feature of their performances this week, and we know that they are too much of gentlemen to indulge in bad words. "Smoke" is said to be a big thing, and all Boston, pretty nearly, have made up their minds to go and "blow a cloud" with the Brothers & Co. Although it has been alleged that we puff now and then, we can say it plainly, that we don't puff "smoke" in this instance in recommending "Smoke." Funny James, the poet; Rare-High, the horse tamer; the Four Vultures, the Hare, Fat Man, and challenge jig by B. M. Carroll, make up the programme.

Another new organization of minstrels has been formed in New Bedford. They are called the "Union Star Minstrels," the troupe being composed of the following performers:—A. S. Remington, of the old "Harmoniums," bone player, jig dancer, and general performer; M. B. Leavitt, late of the Alabama Minstrels and Nightingale Scenarists, tambourine and Ethiopian comedian; S. W. Hutchinson, 1st violinist and musical director; Dan Ashley, banjoist and interrogator; Nat Luce, 2d violinist and air singer; Paul Leon, wench dancer and personator of female characters; Lew Hart, melodeon and tenor singer; J. H. Lawrence, bass viol and bass singer; E. M. Leslie, guitarist and ballad singer; B. T. Whittemore, general performer. They intend to start on a tour through Massachusetts and then leave for the British provinces.

Horn & Newcomb's Minstrels were billed to show at Norwalk, Ct., on the 17th inst.

Arlington, Leon & Donahue's Minstrels have taken root at their new opera house (late Kingsbury Hall) in Chicago, and are doing a snug business. They have brought out "Love in a Basket," an opera by Leon, and wound up the week with "The Old Clock." This band is well liked in Chicago.

Chas. B. Drexler, late with the Union Star Minstrels, is inquired for. See advertisement.

Mr. Lothian, of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, Boston, selected an unpropitious evening for his benefit, the 16th, it being one of the worst nights of the season; and, we are sorry to say, it seriously interfered with Napa's prospects. He is a good fellow, and it would have given us pleasure to learn that he had a big house. R. M. Carroll takes his ten on the 23d, when the black birds will sing and the white birds will sing, and Dick will cut the "pigeonwing" in his happiest style.

Horn & Newcomb's Minstrels were in New Haven, Ct., on the 14th and 15th; they opened to a large house. On the second night the attendance was not so good.

The building in Summer street, Boston, known as the Aqueduct, is now being converted into a hall for public entertainments, the contract stipulating that it shall be finished by the close of May, when Buckeye's Minstrels will open as its first occupants. The hall is to contain a parquet and gallery, to seat 1400 people.

More novelties are announced by Hooley's Minstrels, at their Opera House in Brooklyn. M. B. Leavitt, celebrated comedian, makes his first appearance there this week; the "old clock" made a strike last week, and will run all through the present week. There is a great deal of fun at Hooley's, and take it all in all, the band is one of the best in existence.

Teledo, Ohio, for the present, is having a "carnival" in the amusement line. On Monday and Tuesday evenings, 13th and 14th, Dupper and Greene's Minstrels played at White's Hall, two of the largest audiences that Toledo has seen the past winter, and, as usual, they gave perfect satisfaction. Green's "Mocking Bird," and Bideaux's "Crowned with the Tempest" are highly spoken of. The troupe have been doing a good business in the Buckeye State. From Toledo, they made a "forward movement" on Detroit, Mich.

MUSIC HALLS.

Rhody Maguire is in Frederick City, Md., and this week he assumes the proprietorship of a company to bear the title of Maguire's Variety Troupe. The party will consist of Miss Roderick, vocalist; Miss Josephine Parker, danseuse; Miss Clara May, comic singer; Rhody Maguire; F. H. Dinond, Ethiopian delineator; Harry Smith, Hare Fat Man; and Bob Hill, musical director.

Tom Greeley, the jig dancer, no relation to Horace, the other nigger performer, was about to open a concert saloon in Carson City, N. T.

Howard & Petrie's Palace of Music was opened in Chicago, Ill., on the 11th inst. "L. E. Phant," who seems to have been among them, says this is the only place in Chicago where they have "pretty lady waiters." A. J. Sink's Canterbury is represented as doing a big biz, and the proprietor sinks his surplus earnings in a sinking fund for a rainy day.

Mike McKenna, jig dancer, was recently arrested in Philadelphia, charged with having assaulted a colored man named Joseph Smith. Mike was held in \$500 bail to answer at court.

Who wouldn't consider twelve beautiful young ladies in a great minstrel or any other scene, sufficient inducement to visit any place of amusement? Well, just such a group of fascinating beauties are to be seen at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, this week, and "more too," for there are besides, Misses Nelly Taylor and Rosa Volante, songstresses; Hugh Dougherty, Ethiopian comedian; Fannie Stuart, Jerry Henson, Fred Shaw, Lou Gaydon, J. H. Campbell, William Ross, Miss Lizzie Lagarde, Miss Maria Coulson, etc., and last, but not least, Harry Talbot, the great tambourine and comedian, who makes a first appearance there this week. A brilliant commencement of the summer season for manager Fox?

"Comed Opera" is the title of a concert saloon adjoining the International Hotel, San Francisco. Among the comic performers there, we notice the names of Miss Jessie, jig danseuse and comic singer; Mr. T. W. Lafont, "the Greatest Whistler in the World," and Negro delineator; and Chas. Taylor, banjoist and Nigger performer. Admission 25 cents, which includes the "beverage" for one time only.

Matinees are given at the Varieties, Washington, on Wednesday afternoons, which are said to be liberally patronized by families.

What sort of amusement do you like best? Never mind a reply, but go to the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, and help yourself, for there they serve up pantomimes, ballets, comic and sentimental singing, dancing, burlesques, negro delineations, farces, and many other things "too numerous to mention." A new and magnificent ballet, arranged by G. W. Smith, called "The Second Lover," is on this week, with Kitty Blanchard, G. W. Smith, I. N. Carr, Ella Wesner, and Maggie Nichols as the stars. "How to be an Actor," is also demonstrated by Johnny Mack, W. S. Budworth, and Harry Enochs most humorously.

A concert saloon, at the corner of 6th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, was closed by the police on the 11th inst., and the proprietors, Edwin Entis, Lewis Barr, and Samuel Curtis were arrested. The charge is that of keeping a disorderly house. Quite young girls and boys are said to have frequented the place. The defendants were held in \$500 each to answer.

The Union Theatre Melodeon, San Francisco, was not doing much. J. W. Thoman and wife (Julia Polby), and Harry Courtaine are in the company.

Madame Bisceacchi, the once celebrated prima donna, is still at the Bella Union concert saloon, in San Francisco.

The company engaged by Messrs. Blake & Hayes, for their Toledo Opera House, comprised Mrs. O. W. Blake, Misses Carrie Edgar, Alice Victoria, Fanny Hildington, Messrs. C. N. Lewis, C. E. Dobson, T. H. Hollis, J. W. Craig, John E. Parks, Willie W. Hayes, O. W. Blake, Prof. H. Luckner, and Geo. Mathers. They opened on the 15th to an immense house. Miss Sallie Duval, who is now O'Neill's Varieties in Pittsburgh, joins the company on the 27th.

Fanny Gilmore opens at O'Neill's Varieties, Pittsburgh, on the 20th.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, under the pilotage of Dick O'Neill, did a brisk business during the past week. Mr. O'Neill having held himself, as "Syntho's Casino" went up "on the 11th." Charlie O'Neill, late of the Casino, has been engaged for the Varieties, and with Lew Simmons, helps to make a capital Nigger team. Kathleen O'Neill continues her popularity; her Miss Judy Barlow is full of fresh, sparkling hits. Kathleen's songs and sketches are entirely original, not one of them, we are informed, being performed by any other artist.

Mr. Sink, of the Chicago Canterbury, is in Columbus, Ky., giving performances with the following company:—Miss Emma Winthrop, Miss Fanny Weaver, M'ille Carolista, Billy Sparks, Billy Roche, A. C. Cooper, etc., with Tom Matthews to manage the stage. They are said to be doing a splendid business, and Mr. Sink will probably run the concern all summer. Mr. T. L. Fitch, who is stage manager of the Canterbury, Chicago, is Mr. Sink's right hand man, and attends to the business during the latter's absence in Kentucky.

The Melodeon, Pittsburgh, is again closed, after a short existence at the Casino. It is suggested that it might be a good idea to rent the Melodeon to the Southern Confederacy, as it would burst them up in a very short time.

Hank Mason having challenged Alex. Ross to dance, the latter replies, offering to dance a match jig for \$200 a side. Our St.

Louis correspondent says the first deposit was put up on the 14th inst., but fails to state when the affair is to come off.

Walter Wentworth, the contortionist, commences an engagement at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, on April 20.

Miss Zoe and Benjamin Yates are engaged for terpsichorean displays at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., and are to make their appearance there on April 27.

Mons. Monteverde, the Spanish contortionist and gymnast, can be engaged through James Connor & Co.'s Theatrical Agency in this city. See advertisement.

Christie's challenge, in connection with juggling on the slack wire, still holds good, as may be seen by advertisement.

James Connor & Co.'s Theatrical Agency, No. 614 1/2 Broadway, appears to be doing a lively business, and by advertising through the CLIPPER they secure engagements for people who put their affairs in their hands, with the utmost facility. See their advertisement in this issue, and make note of the same.

Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C., still flourishes with good business, and one of the best companies got together in a concert hall. In the list are five of the most attractive female stars, viz: Miss Julia Mortimer, the vocalist; Miss Kate Pennoyer, the danseuse; Miss Ernestine De Faber, vocalist and danseuse; and M'iles Augustus and Marie, late of Laura Keane's, together with an immense ballet troupe under the direction of Mons. Zoilevy. Then there is George B. Edson, the comedian and pantomimist; Dick Parker, the banjoist; H. W. Egan, Willis Armstrong, J. S. Clarke, and Master Johnny, a pupil of Mr. Egan. The houses are crowded nightly, rain or shine, and of the former they have a plenty. On Saturday afternoon the ladies turn out largely.

The Washington Varieties continues to flourish, under the management of Messrs. Hamblin & Co., and the stage direction of Mr. James Pilgrim. They gave a capital programme last week, and still better one is on for this week. Miss Nellie Howard, jig dancer, is underlined.

Manager Lea, of the Baltimore Melodeon, "sign of the big gas light," appears a most tempting banquet before the lovers of amusement in this city this week. The fascinating danseuse, Miss Ida Devere, makes her first appearance there to-night (20th), besides whom, Mulligan and Leavitt spread themselves in Ethiopian eccentricities; Billy Boyd gives his eccentric imitations; Miss Louisa Evans ev-angelises herself in comedy, dance, and song; Miss Jennie Engle shows her pretty face and figure, and sings some capital ballads; Young America does his daring flying trapeze act; and there are many others, including a bevy of beauties in the ballet, manoeuvred by Miss Viola, who keep up a perfect carnival of fun and fascinating frolic from commencement to close of performance. As an additional inducement to visit this temple of amusement, the programme is changed every night. Baltimoreans must be a most fastidious people, if they fail to be pleased with Lea's Melodeon.

Master Barney and Andy Roome are engaged to appear at the Bowery, St. Louis.

Blake and Hayes opened their Opera House, in Toledo, Ohio, on the 15th, to a large crowd. They have a versatile company, and expect to rake in many greenbacks.

CIRCUSES.

The Rolande Brothers sail from Baltimore on the 20th, for Rio Janeiro, where they are to meet Spaulding & Rogers' Ocean Circus.

Levi's mammoth concern will show in New Haven, Ct., May 8th, provided the city don't frighten the manager with extortionate licenses.

The Orrin family, gymnasts, well known in these parts, left San Francisco on the 17th ult., for Victoria, V. I.

Prof. Risley's Circus gave a performance at Hong Kong, China, on the 17th of January, under the patronage of the Parsee community.

The Hanlon Brothers, according to a news letter published in another column, and bearing date Valparaiso, March 11th, had recently closed the most successful and profitable engagement as "bill and puppet writers," also for several circus performers over whose services he has a control. A lady dancer, who would be willing to travel, is also wanted by him.

Phil. Antonio will not be in New York, after all. He sent an advertisement, which appeared in last week's CLIPPER, and also wrote to say that he would be in New York by the 12th, but while on his way to this city he was met by Mr. Norton, of Chicago, who bought out Antonio's concern. The sale was effected in Springfield, Ill., on Thursday, April 9th, and Phil. says he was paid cash down, which is lovely for the Antonio, and praiseworthy for Norton. Phil. and his brothers are now out of the business for the present, for they had first time in their lives, for they were raised in it, having been performers for twenty-eight years. In answer to Mr. Antonio's advertisement for performers, in our last, we have received a whole batch of letters, which we have sent by express to Mr. Antonio, at St. Louis, Mo.

Brian's National Circus will open their season at Germantown, Pa., on the 27th, then to Frankfort, 28th; Westchester, 29th; and Wilmington, Del., 30th.

W. M. HANLON.

IN HIS ZAMPELLOSTATION ACT.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

El Malhaber, a professor of magic, was up for a benefit at the American Theatre, San Francisco, on the 10th of March. The professor of magic is said to have been sent from New York to San Francisco, by an agent in the former place, and that he was consigned to a manager having no existence at the place indicated.

Artemus Ward continued to meet with great success wherever he speaks. He is still in Ohio, and at last arrives in Mass. He had formerly lectured in Cleveland to large and delighted audiences. The Cleveland Leader, in a notice of the entertainment, says—"Brainard's Hall was densely packed in every portion of it last evening, attracted to hear Artemus Ward speak a piece." His north-provoking discourse, for excited laughter and applause. Everybody understands of course that it is a burlesque upon popular lectures and popular lecturers, and viewed in that light it is perfectly inimitable. Mr. Browne is entitled to the credit of originating a purely original and successful form of amusement. No other man in America would have succeeded in it, however. His reputation as a writer of quaint humor prepared the public for such an entertainment as he gives them; then his not to be imitated manner of delivering his oddities and conceits, fits so admirably to the matter contained in his lecture as to produce the greatest possible merriment in an auditory at all appreciative. He may well be proud of his success, and his triumph upon the stage is better pleased." And such have been the comments of the press almost everywhere. Artemus has certainly struck a rich vein of currency in passing current his rich vein of humor.

A vocal and instrumental concert was announced for April 11, at Cady's Hall, La Salle, Ill., Mrs. Cooke and Miss O'Donohue to be the leading artists.

Mason Jones is spreading himself in the towns of Illinois. To call in question his oratorical powers, would be Anti-Masonic. George Francis Train is to run off the track on the evening of the 26th, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Gough talked temperance most intemperately at Mechanic's Hall, Utica, N. Y., on the 15th.

The Sullivan Family of Vocalists are giving parlor entertainments in the various towns adjoining Boston, previous to their tour East. This family form a very superior quartet in themselves, and are assisted by Mr. J. J. Kelley, balladist and characteristic comic singer.

Mrs. Marie Abbott's annual concert, which was given at the Brooklyn Athenaeum on the 13th, was a great success, pecuniarily and otherwise. The artists who assisted were L. M. Gottschalk, Wm. Castle, S. C. Campbell, Theodore Thomas, with Sig. Abella to conduct the harmonious company.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers gave two entertainments in Allentown, Pa., on the 16th and 17th inst.

A bill writer and advertiser wishes a chance with some company. See his advertisement in this issue.

Madame Anna Bishop was to have sung in Boston on Sunday, 19th, and this week she intends to commence a tour through Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth, N. H., and Portland, Me. Our friends will find in this musical Bishop all the elements of concord and melody.

The "gifted" Fakir of Ava gave his prize entertainments in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., April 16, 17, and 18, distributing bedroom furniture, house and lot, building lot, a cow, live calf, pigs, jewelry, etc. Just imagine a sentimental young lady drawing a porker.

The Band of Hope (Sunday School children) give a grand entertainment of music, dialogues, and tableaux, in Brewster Hall, New Haven, April 22.

John S. Gardner, a young showman, is giving "Young Folks' Concerts in the country towns in Connecticut.

Artemus Ward held forth to a good house at Sandusky, Ohio, on the 18th.

A public hall is being built upon the island near Sandusky, Ohio, to be used for religious meetings on Sundays, and for amusements on other days.

James E. Murdoch gave a reading on the 14th, at Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo. He was advertised for two more, on the 16th and 17th inst.

The Peak Family opened at the Court House, Allentown, Pa., on the 16th, and closed on the 17th. They were favored with good business during their brief stay.

Ossian E. Dodge and Wm. Hayward sang in Norwich, Conn., on Saturday evening, April 25th.

Coniston's Panorama of the War did not meet with much patronage at Allentown, Pa., week before last.

Sergeo Geo. Hutchinson gave a patriotic reading from Shakespeare and the poets, on the 13th, at Union Hall, Sandusky, O., and the proceeds were devoted towards the fund for the new public building to be erected on Johnson's Island.

Prof. Baird's skill as a magician was not appreciated by the people of Allentown, Pa., notwithstanding the additional attraction of a "gift entertainment."

Ossian E. Dodge, the poet and singing editor, assisted by Wm. Hayward—who, the papers say, is the best ballad singer living—sang at Rogers' Hall, Providence, R. I., on Saturday evening, April 18th, and as Dodge always draws a good house, his luck didn't fail him this time; his audience was fashionable and intelligent, and from the demonstrations of delight expressed, they must have been hugely satisfied.

Carlisle's Original Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers opened at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on Wednesday, April 15th. This troupe are quite popular, and what with presents, social hops, and the magnificent engine "Fairy Belle," the audience get plenty for their money. They remain all this week.

Dr. Bly gives the Providence folks one more chance to inhale the Laughing Gas, at Rogers' Williams Hall, on Tuesday, 21st.

Ossian E. Dodge and Wm. Hayward sang at Greenwich, R. I., Monday, 20th, and yesterday, R. I., at the Princess's Theatre, London.

J. C. Kelley, of Kelley's Dramatic Troupe, is back at his old quarters in Utica, N. Y., and resumes the management of the Sherwood House and Concert Hall, which he proposes to fit up in the best style. He intends to improve the hall by putting in fine scenery, so as to be able to get up theatrical performances periodical, and perform in a theatrical living room himself, we shall soon expect to hear of the opening of the hall with a new company.

Gottschalk is to give a concert in Philadelphia, on the 24th inst., at Musical Fund Hall.

The Black Swan was to sing at White's Hall, Toledo, Ohio, on Saturday evening, the 15th, under the management of Col. Wood. Fiancé, Dr. T. Kress.

On Monday evening, 20th, Toledo, Ohio, was booked for a treat in the lecture of "Artemus Ward." A. Ward, like the soul of John Brown, has been "marching along" through that State to overwhelming houses. At Cleveland they crowded hall, stage, aisles, etc., the smaller fry being taken "in a Visit to Africa." From Toledo, "A. Ward" proceeds to Adrian, Mich.; Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Louis, Mo.; and then, perhaps, to California.

Goodwin & Wilder's Polemorama is in St. Louis this week, opening on the 20th.

W. H. Donaldson, tight-rope artist, pantomimist, and gymnast, is ready to negotiate his short engagements. He says that he can come nearer to breaking his neck than any other man living. See his advertisement.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

MISS ELEANOR WARD, (DAUGHTER OF JEM WARD.)
A CELEBRATED LONDON PIANIST.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have finally arranged to visit Australia, and they are to leave England for Melbourne, on the 15th of July. Prior to their departure they will give a series of well-remembered entertainments at the Princess's Theatre, London, which was for so many years the scene of their mutual triumphs. Their performances here will be limited to eleven nights, commencing on the 4th of May and terminating on the 15th of the same month. Before this engagement they appear for a few nights at Birmingham, commencing on the 13th inst.; and then, on the 17th, they will appear at Liverpool, from the 18th of May until a day or two before they sail. They will be accompanied by Miss Chapman and Mr. Everett.

Mr. George Vining is now associated with Mr. Lindsay in the management of the Royal Princess's Theatre, London.

"The world renowned mules, Pete and Barney, whose performances throughout America and England, have met with unbounded success—that's what the bill says—are now advertised for hire; their proprietor, Tom Sayers, having joined Mr. Howes' Circus for the season.

An English opera company had possession of the Standard Theatre, London. The party consists of Madame Tonneller, Miss Annie Long, Miss Brown, Miss Hammon, Miss Hammond, Miss Angel, Miss Leffer, Mr. W. Parkinson, Mr. J. Manly, Signor Borroni, Mr. Morrow, Mr. Bentley, and Mr. E. Rosenthal. Conductor: Mr. J. H. Tully. Leaders: Messrs. Cooper and Chapman.

"The Duke's Motto" was still meeting with much favor at Fechter's Lyceum Theatre.

Mr. Gre was to open his season of Italian opera at Covent Garden, London, on the 5th inst., the opening opera being Masaniello. The following is a list of the engagements already entered into:—Mademoiselle Adeline Patti, Madame Didde, Mademoiselle Dotti, Madame Rudersdorf, Mademoiselle Anese, Madame Tagliacozzi, and Madame Miodan-Carvalho; also, Mademoiselle Florent, Mademoiselle Maurens, Mademoiselle Elvira Deml, Madame De Maffei, and Mademoiselle Pauline Lucca, (their first appearance in England). Also, Signor Tamberlik, Signor Terri-baraldi, Signor Lucchesi, Signor Rossi, and Signor Mario. Also, Signor Naudin, (his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera); Signor Peronelli, (his first appearance in England); and Signor Caffari, (his first appearance in England); Signor Ronconi, (his first appearance there two years since his severe illness); Monsieur Faure; Signor Graziani; Herr Fornes, Signors Tagliacozzi, Fellar, Patroselli, Monsieur Zelger, Signors Capponi, Ciampi, and Monsieur Obin (his first appearance in England). Director of the music, composer, and conductor, Mr. Costa. Principal dancers—Mademoiselle Silvioni, Mademoiselle Zina Richard, Mademoiselle Montero, (her first appearance in England), Mademoiselle Duriez, (her first appearance in England), and Mademoiselle Dumilatre, (her first appearance in England).

Mr. J. B. Howe made his first appearance at the Marylebone Theatre, London, on the 6th inst.

"The Trial of Elbe Deane" is still going on at Bonicault's Theatre. It don't run alone, however, being sandwiched between a Drama and a Farce.

Madame Marie Cabel and M'ile. Sax are engaged for the French Opera, Lyons. The former lady has abandoned the "school" of excessively high-note singing, which M. Berlioz, the well-known musician and critic, has likened to the screaming of a King Charles spaniel, when trodden upon by accident.

The Brussels papers speak in high terms of satisfaction of two concerts recently given in that city by M'ile. Tiesense, a young vocalist distinguished for the purity of her intonation, as well as for the power and compass of her voice.

Mr. Sothern's benefit and last appearance in London for some time took place at the Haymarket on the 1st of April. It was his

90th performance there of the character of Lord Dundreary. Although extra attractions were offered, the theatre was not full, showing that everything (Dundreary included) must have ended. On being called out, Mr. Sothern thanked the audience for the unprecedented patronage he had received, and stated that he far from the rumor being correct that his health was rapidly declining, he never felt better in his life than at that moment. He then added that he was going to Liverpool, his native place, where he was born on the 1st of April, the same day of the month on which he was bidding them for a time farewell. He is now at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool.

Here's a caution to ballet girls. The first representation of a new piece was given recently at Hamburg, in which the female dancers appeared in green costumes, to represent water nymphs. The stuff of which these costumes were made contained such a quantity of arsenic that the needle-women who made the dresses all fell ill, and the dancers were attacked with violent symptoms of poisoning whilst on the stage. So look out, girls, before you leap.

Mr. Drinkwater Meadows, after being connected with the theatrical profession for more than half a century, has at last retired into private life.

Jenny Lind is to sing at a charitable concert to be given in London on the 1st of May. Jenny's husband, Otto Goldschmidt, is to be the conductor.

And still another new theatre is talked of for London, the site being near Chancery Lane.

Hamilton's moving panorama of Ireland and America was on exhibition at Birmingham.

Howes' Circus, with J. C. Heenan as the great attraction, was at Canterbury on the 1st inst. The place was literally packed. Muscle does it.

Chas. Mathews has taken to the stage again. He performed in the "Game of Speculation," and "Used Up," at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 25th of March, and the three following nights, taking his benefit on the 2d of April, when Mrs. Mathews assisted her partner, and went alone in one of the plays. The house was crowded.

Ginnet's circus, with Tom King in the lead, was at Worcester on the 6th of April. The circus bill calls him "The Champion of England," which he isn't.

Unsworth, Duley, and Engene are at Oxford Music Hall, London. Duley's "Haunted House" knocks 'em.

A destructive fire recently broke out in a house adjoining the Zoological Garden, at Stuttgart. It was a horrible spectacle to see the fury of the animals, terrified by the sight of the fire, and by the extreme heat. Nothing could exceed the rage of the ferocious inmates of the garden, particularly of the lions and bears, and in order to calm them, the keepers were obliged to be constantly deluging them with cold water. The military authorities sent a detachment of riflemen to fire on the animals, in case it should be found impossible to save them. Fortunately, that extremity was not found necessary, as the fire was extinguished.

Miss Emily Shore, who was engaged to sing at a concert given in Hoxton a short time since, was taken ill on the platform, and died in a few moments after.

Madame Tussaud has added the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra to her curious and mixed collection of wax figures. The latter is represented in a costly white and silver more antique dress, trimmed with rich Honiton lace and silver flowers, in imitation of the one worn on the occasion of her marriage.

AMATEUR.

The J. W. COLLIER DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave an entertainment at the Bandbox on the 13th inst. The pieces selected were "Monotonous Question," "Teddy Rags," and "Lion Man." The latter was the feature of the evening, and even that, to some extent, was faulty; the stage manager assumed the part of Geoffrey Dale with considerable tact. Billy Brown, as comedy man, is good, but when a thing is overdone, the entire rendition is spoiled. Let Brown, hereafter, stick to the text. The ladies, Misses Waddron, Hendricks, Meyer, Clifton, and Stewart were well up, and with the exception of a slight nervousness, did very well. We understand that the next performance will be at the disposal of Mr. Curran, who has selected "The Reprobate," in which he will personate the leading part.

The EXCELSIOR DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave their initial performance at the Band Box on the 16th inst. "Theresa," "Follies of a Night," and "Limerick Boy," were cast with the full strength of the company. In consequence (we were given to understand by Assistant Manager Russell) of the weather, Miss E. Florence did not appear. Theresa, and consequently her part was read by Miss Hendricks, of the J. W. Collier D. C. Fountaine, as performed by N. K. Sylvester, is worthy of commendation; the gentleman displayed considerable tact in his playing, but we trust when next he performs, he will appear in a more proper dress, for the habiliments of a cavalier are a poor apology for a prima. The part of Theresa was not given in good taste. The Count was passable, as were the minor parts. Miss Collivill has, we are glad to see, hit upon a style of character which, if not suited to her taste, is most certainly suited to her qualifications. We omit any remarks on the performance of the "Follies of a Night" and "Paddy Miles," for the want of space.

AMUSEMENTS.

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E. W. PRESCOTT, R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
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D. W. BOARDMAN, JAPANESE TOMMY.
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AMUSEMENTS.

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COURT OF COMMON PLEAS—APRIL TERM.
BEFORE THE HON. HENRY HILTON.—Jacob Beller against Robert
FOX.—This case, which has created considerable interest among
the profession, and the last four years, has at length been tried,
and come to an issue. It seems that Beller went into the Art
Union Concert Room one Sunday night early in January, 1869,
and was there violently beaten by two persons, one of whom was
employed at the establishment; and to get satisfaction from
somebody, Mr. Beller swears on oath that Mr. Fox was the cause
of it; but the evidence adduced on the trial by Mr. Beller's own
witnesses showed that Mr. Fox was not the instigator, and was
quite innocent of the crime imputed to him, and the verdict of
the jury acquitted Mr. Fox, and ordered Mr. Beller to pay the
costs of the Court, and also Mr. Fox's expenses. The summing
up of the Judge on the occasion reflects great credit on him;
the language used on the occasion was sublime. The able man-
ner in which Mr. Fox was defended by Mr. A. Phillips and
Mr. D. J. Lyons, was a source of admiration to all present. The
opposition counsel was below par, when confronted with the
counsel of the other side. He would make a good end man for a
second class minstrel band; instead of watching his points, he
tries to do the funny business and make the Court laugh; when
they can't see the point, he works himself up into a passion and
in advance, Mr. Beller showed bad taste in selecting such a man
to defend him, when in the city of New York there are so many
smarter men who would have conducted the case better. He is
very good, no doubt, as a Tomb Lawyer, but he certainly, for
his own credit, should never show his face in a higher court.
The result of the case just amounts to this:—Mr. Fox left the
court without a stain on his character, and Mr. Beller left the
court after coming from Detroit seventeen times to prosecute,
minus \$800, costs of court, and about \$500 more for lawyers and
witness fees. If Mr. Beller ever comes to Philadelphia, he will
see a plate or engraving of a Fox with his tail in a trap
(more frightened than hurt.) Let him gaze on it and reflect. 1-3f

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
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JAMES DOWLING, Stage Manager.
J. L. SCHMITT, Leader of Orchestra.
W. STEVENSON, Treasurer.
THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.
MISS SOPHIA EDWIN.
MISS LULU SWEET, MRS. W. C. FORBES,
MISS C. HINCKLEY, MISS NELLIE BROWN,
W. O'NEIL, FRANK MAYO,
CHARLES THORN, WILLIAM BARRY,
D. C. ANDERSON, HARRY CLIFTON,
W. H. HAMILTON, F. B. WHITE,
C. STEVENSON, W. B. TAYLOR,
&c., &c., &c.
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The Spring Season at this Theatre commences on APRIL 16,
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(of Antonio Brothers' Great World Circus) will be in New York,
Monday, April 16th. Parties wishing to negotiate to travel, will
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inst., and Boston Museum, May 11th. The artist's time is en-
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